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BILLY BERK

By

JOHN Y. BEATY



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BILLY BERK



Billy thought the pile of clean straw was just the place for a nap.

BILLY BERK

THE STORY OF A BERKSHIRE PIG

By

JOHN Y. BEATY

Drawings by

DON NELSON



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CHAPTER I

HOW BILLY GOT HIS NAME

FIRST, I must tell you that Billy Berk is a little Berkshire pig. He was born on our farm in Central Illinois, on a cold February morning.

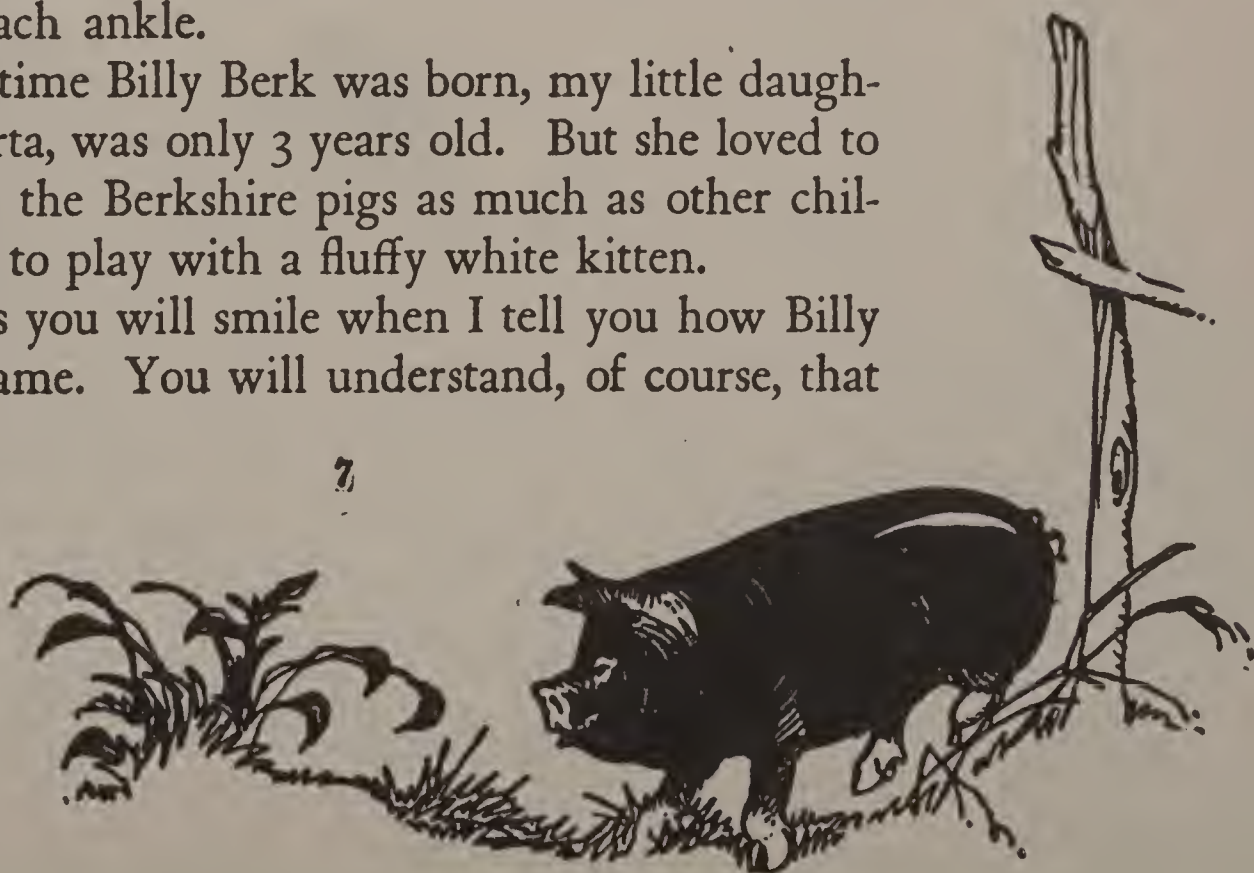
When I found him cuddled up close to his mother in the clean straw, his little black body glistened and when I picked him up, he was as smooth as silk.

Any little boy or girl who could have seen him that morning would have loved him almost as much as a baby brother. His little body was beautiful. It was so symmetrical and plump and his pretty little head with the ears sticking straight up and his nose tipped with white was just the kind of a head you would like to place close to your face.

Billy's body was all black except for the white around his nose, a white tip on his tail and white around each ankle.

At the time Billy Berk was born, my little daughter, Roberta, was only 3 years old. But she loved to play with the Berkshire pigs as much as other children like to play with a fluffy white kitten.

Perhaps you will smile when I tell you how Billy got his name. You will understand, of course, that



“Berk” is simply an abbreviation of Berkshire. Berkshire is the name of the breed to which Billy belonged. But you will not know unless I tell you why we called him Billy.

On a neighboring farm lives a little boy by the name of William Hausam. William very often came through the meadow over to our farm to play with Roberta.

But William’s daddy did not call him William. He called him “Billy.” And so, of course, Roberta called him Billy. Billy Hausam was such a bright, active little fellow that when Roberta saw the new baby pig which I brought to her in the yard, his bright eyes, his erect ears, and his active disposition reminded Roberta of Billy Hausam.

When I asked her what she wanted to call the new pig, she immediately said, “Billy.” So Billy he was named. But in order to distinguish between Billy Hausam, Roberta’s little playmate, and Billy, the pig, we called him Billy Berk.



CHAPTER II

HOW WE UNDERSTOOD BILLY'S LANGUAGE

AS LONG as I knew Billy Berk, he said only two words. But still with those two words he expressed all of his feelings and his mother and little brothers and sisters understood all that he said.

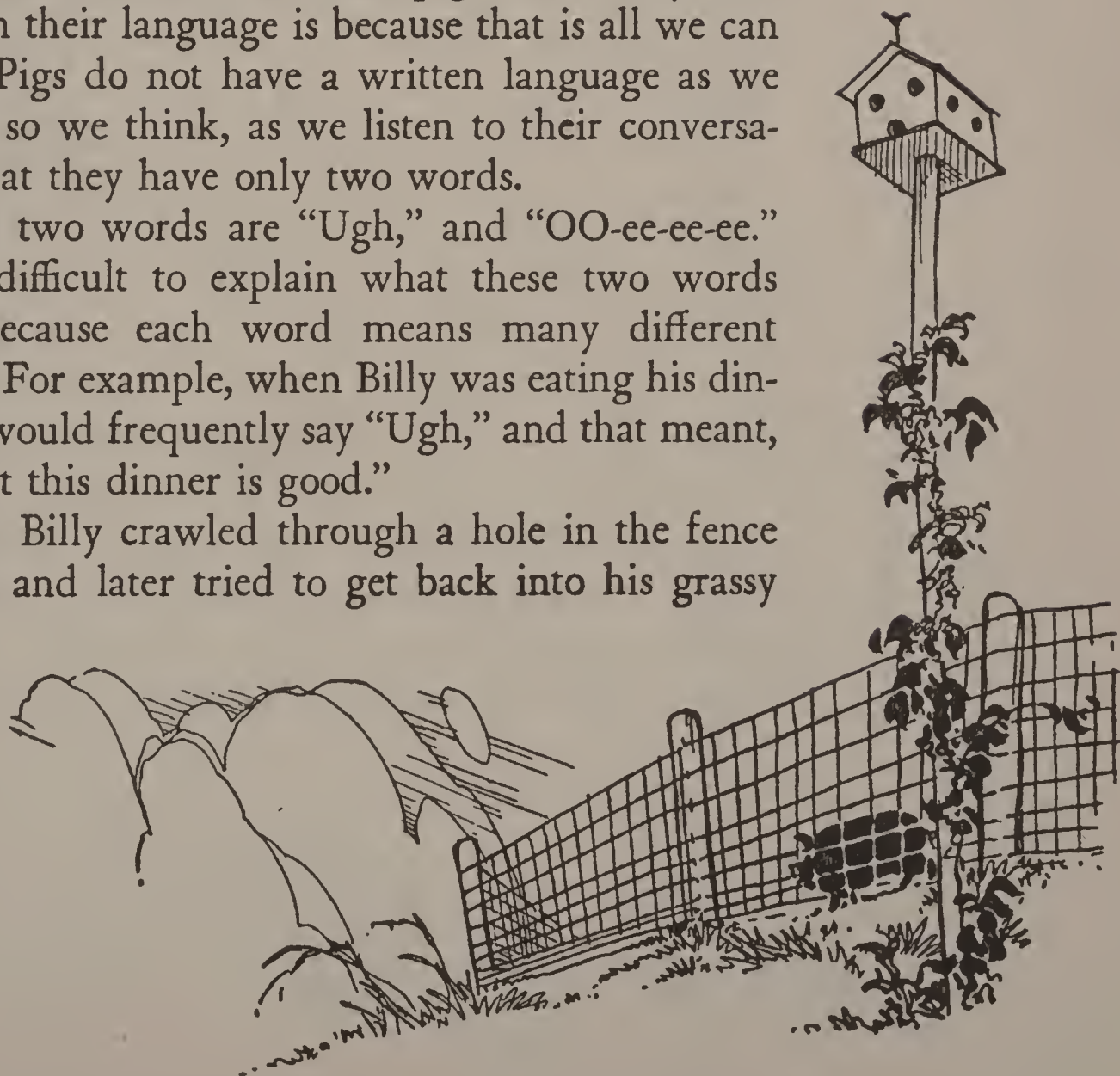
After a while I began to understand what he said too. For although he used only two words, those two words were said in many different ways and meant many different things.

The reason we think that pigs have only two words in their language is because that is all we can write. Pigs do not have a written language as we do, and so we think, as we listen to their conversations, that they have only two words.

Those two words are "Ugh," and "OO-ee-ee-ee."

It is difficult to explain what these two words mean because each word means many different things. For example, when Billy was eating his dinner, he would frequently say "Ugh," and that meant, "My, but this dinner is good."

When Billy crawled through a hole in the fence one day and later tried to get back into his grassy



lot, he said "Ugh." But that time the word meant "Where in the world is that hole in the fence."

While we must spell these words in the same way, they really were said in a very different way, and as I have explained, meant very different things.

When Billy's mother is angry with him she says "Ugh" and she means, "You naughty boy! Why don't you mind your mother?" But the way she says it sounds very much different from the way Billy says "Ugh" when he is eating his dinner.

Perhaps I can explain the difference in these words to you in this way:

Suppose your mother has given you a present—something that you have wanted for a long, long time. In appreciation for this present, you say, "Mother."

Now suppose that your mother is on the other side of the street and someone has called her on the telephone. You answer the telephone and then go to the door and say the same word, "Mother." You say it in a very different way, don't you, and it means a very different thing from the word you use when you are expressing your appreciation for a gift.

Now suppose that you want very much to go across the street to play with some of your little friends. You have asked your mother for permission and she does not seem to want you to go. You say "Mother" in a way to make her understand that you

want very much to go. But that word is a very different one and has a very different meaning from the same word used to call her to the telephone.

Don't you begin to understand now how Billy uses the same word "Ugh" to mean many different things?

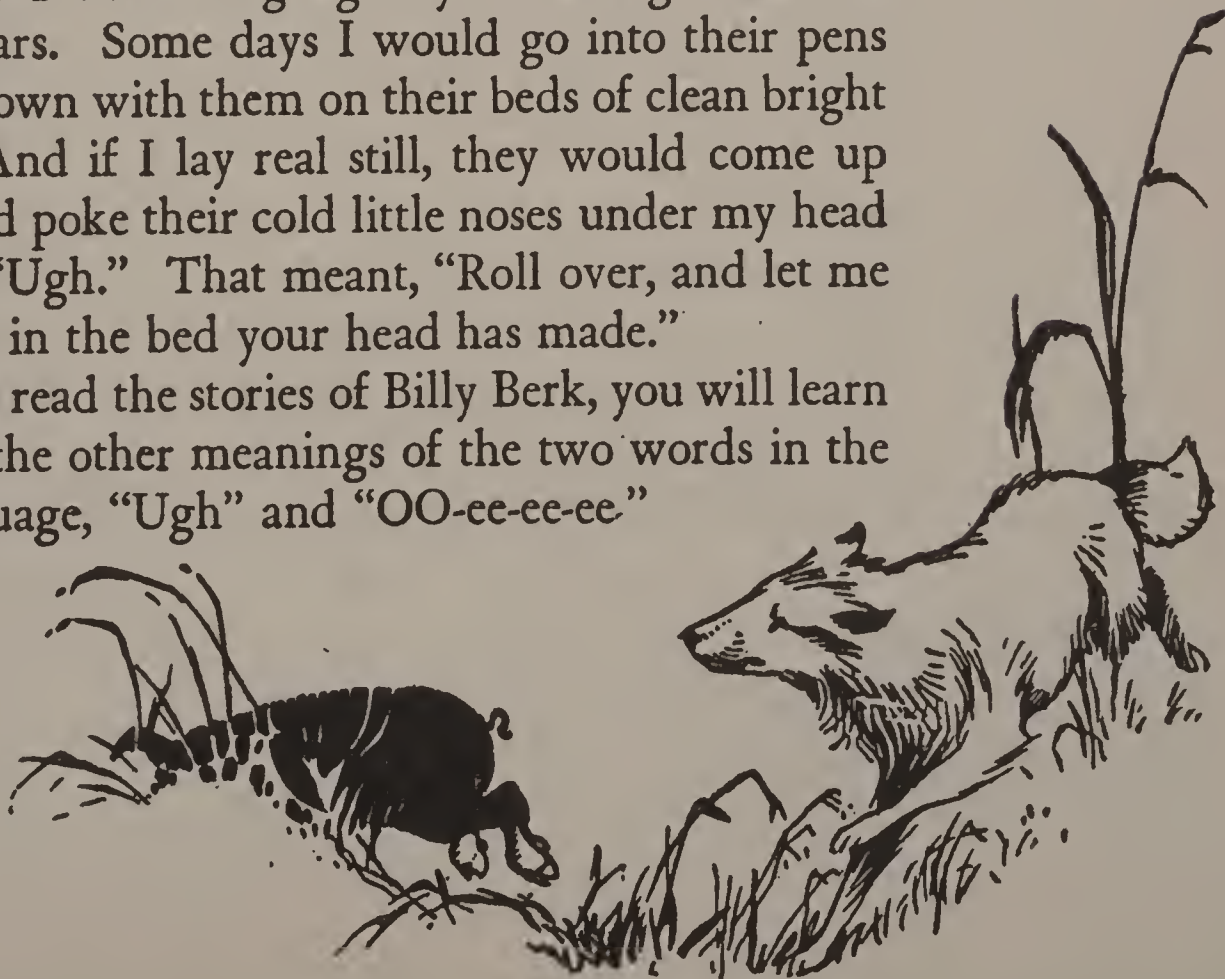
When Farmer John comes down the lane with a nice pail of fresh buttermilk and Billy sees him coming, he says "OO-ee-ee-ee." That means, "Hurry up, Farmer John and let me have some of that nice fresh buttermilk."

When the dog chases Billy, Billy also says "OO-ee-ee-ee," but that does not mean, "Hurry up, Farmer John and bring the buttermilk." "It means, "Mother, mother, come quickly. Chase this dog away."

Don't you see now how little pigs can talk by using only two words and still say all that they have to say?

I learned their language by watching them for many years. Some days I would go into their pens and lie down with them on their beds of clean bright straw. And if I lay real still, they would come up to me and poke their cold little noses under my head and say "Ugh." That meant, "Roll over, and let me lie down in the bed your head has made."

As you read the stories of Billy Berk, you will learn some of the other meanings of the two words in the pig language, "Ugh" and "OO-ee-ee-ee."



CHAPTER III

A SURGICAL OPERATION

WHEN Billy was only two weeks old, he was sleeping comfortably one day under the clean pile of straw in the corner of the hog house. His mother was outside, but his brothers and sisters were all sleeping in the straw.

Billy was suddenly awakened by a noise. Someone had quickly closed the door of the house. Billy jumped up, shook the straw from his head, and looked around. Farmer John was sitting on the floor beside him.

Billy was a little startled, but he was not frightened because Farmer John had been very kind to him. He did not begin to squeal until Farmer John picked him up.

Little pigs always squeal when they are picked up. They do not enjoy being held as little kittens do and while they do not squeal because they are seriously frightened, they squeal in a way to indicate that they are not entirely comfortable.

In other words, the Oo-ee-ee in this case means, "I would rather be on the floor."

Farmer John held Billy under his left arm. In his

right hand, he had a bright instrument. Of course, Billy did not know what this was. Farmer John held Billy's nose between two of his fingers and with his thumb and forefinger held one of Billy's ears.

Suddenly Billy felt a sharp pain in his ear, and he squealed louder. This time the Oo-ee-ee meant "Ouch, that hurts."

Then Farmer John shifted Billy in his arms and held the opposite ear with his fingers. Billy began to struggle and Farmer John held him more tightly. Then Billy felt another sharp pain, this time in the other ear.

He squealed "Oo-ee-ee" even louder than before. This time "Oo-ee-ee" meant, "Say, Farmer John, isn't once enough? Don't you hurt me any more."

But again Billy felt a sharp pain.

Finally, Farmer John put Billy down on the floor and Billy quickly scampered to the opposite corner and stood there with his head hanging down with blood dripping from both ears. Billy had been experiencing his first operation. It was a surgical operation and was necessary to protect Billy's good name.

Farmer John had cut notches in each of Billy's ears. One notch in the left ear and two notches in the right ear. Of course, Billy had no idea what this was for, but all little pigs that have purebred parents and have a pedigree of their own as Billy had, must have these notches cut in their ears in order that



they may be recognized and not be mixed with other pigs.

A pedigree is a long list of the names of all of the ancestors of a pig and this long list is guaranteed to be correct by a record association which makes a business of keeping records of all purebred pigs that are registered.

If you will look at a litter of pigs the next time you have an opportunity, you will see what a difficult task it is to tell one from the other. When you realize that Farmer John had 300 pigs, each one with a different pedigree, you will understand how necessary it is to mark each pig so that he can be told from all the others.

The mark in Billy's left ear indicated a number and the mark in Billy's right ear indicated another number.

Farmer John used a system of numbering that makes it possible to mark any pig with any number desired by varying the number of notches in each ear and by varying the position of the notches.

The notches are made in a little pig's ear with a special tool and numbers from one to ten can be indicated by making not more than three notches in either ear.

Notches in the left ear indicate from one to ten, and notches in the right ear indicate numbers over ten. That is, the notch that indicated one in the left

ear meant five. The notch that indicated two in the right ear meant 20. If a pig's number were 25, the number indicating 20 is punched in the right ear and the number indicating five is punched in the left ear.

These notches remain in a pig's ear as long as he lives, and so it is always possible to tell one pig from another.

Following his first surgical operation, Billy stood quietly in the corner of his house with his head hanging down.

When his little brothers and sisters had all been taken care of in the same way, Farmer John opened the door. But the little pigs were not so lively the rest of the day. However, following that day they were just as full of life and fun as ever.

On this very day, Billy had his name entered in Farmer John's big book and a record of the markings on his ears was made. Farmer John a little later sent an application to the Berkshire Registry Association and later on received an official document indicating that Billy was a registered purebred pig.

That added a great deal to Billy's value. It did not add any to Billy's pride, because he had about all of the pride a little pig could have. He always carried his head erect and his ears straight in the air, and his pretty little white tipped feet were lifted somewhat like a race horse.



CHAPTER IV

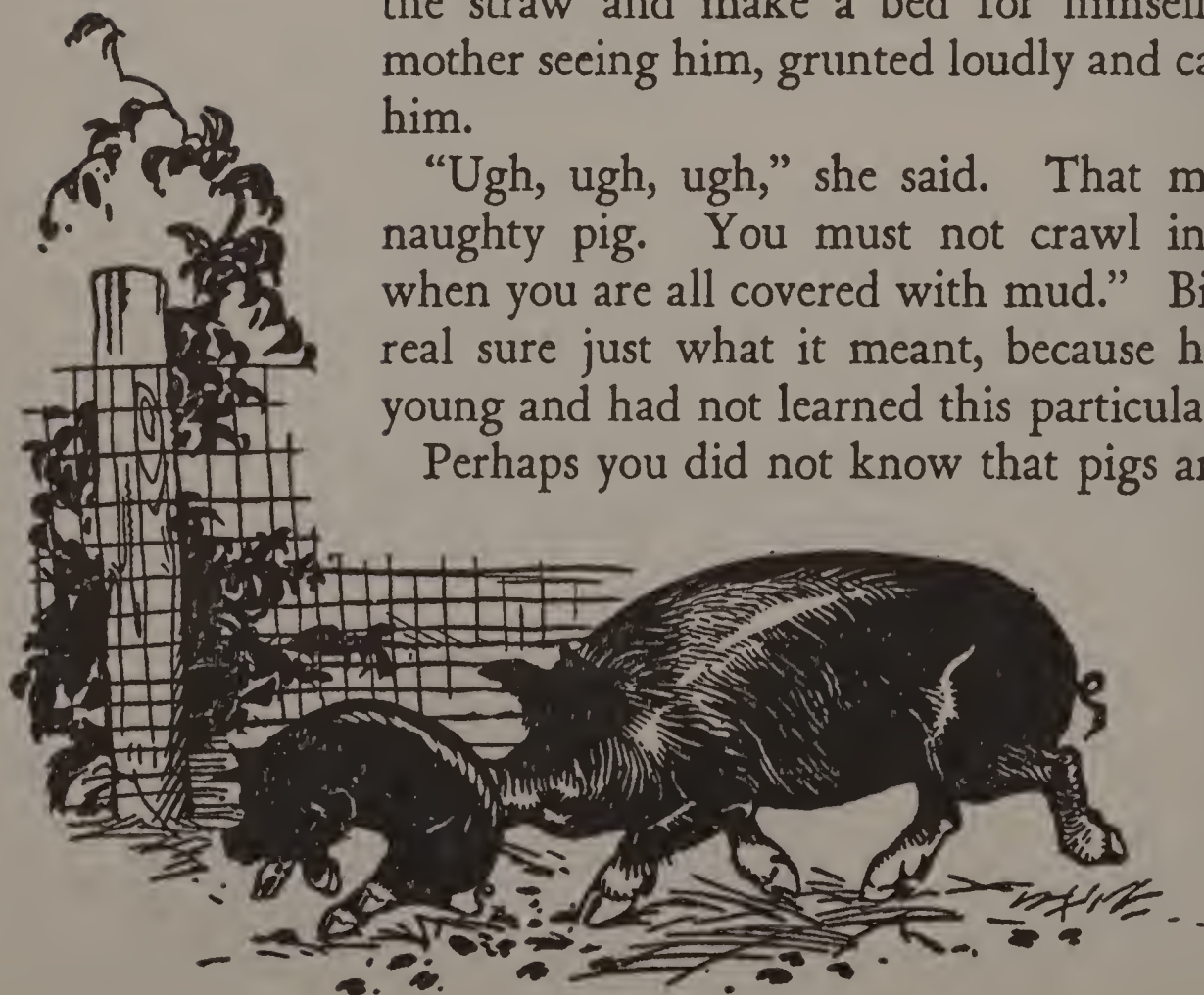
BILLY RECEIVES A LESSON IN NEATNESS

IT HAD been raining for two or three days, and then the weather had suddenly turned hot. The yard near Billy Berk's house was a mud puddle. Billy became so warm that he lay down in the mud and wallowed. He rolled from one side to the other, shoved his little white nose under the mud and water and the result was that he looked almost like a mud pie.

After he had played in the mud for some time and had rooted and wallowed and rolled to keep himself cool, he came into the house. He was tired and he wanted to sleep in the nice, clean straw in the corner. He was just ready to put his little nose under the straw and make a bed for himself when his mother seeing him, grunted loudly and came toward him.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh," she said. That meant, "You naughty pig. You must not crawl into the bed when you are all covered with mud." Billy was not real sure just what it meant, because he was very young and had not learned this particular lesson.

Perhaps you did not know that pigs are very par-



particular about keeping their beds clean. If their house is big enough and they have sufficient room, pigs are naturally clean and want to keep their beds as clean and as bright as possible.

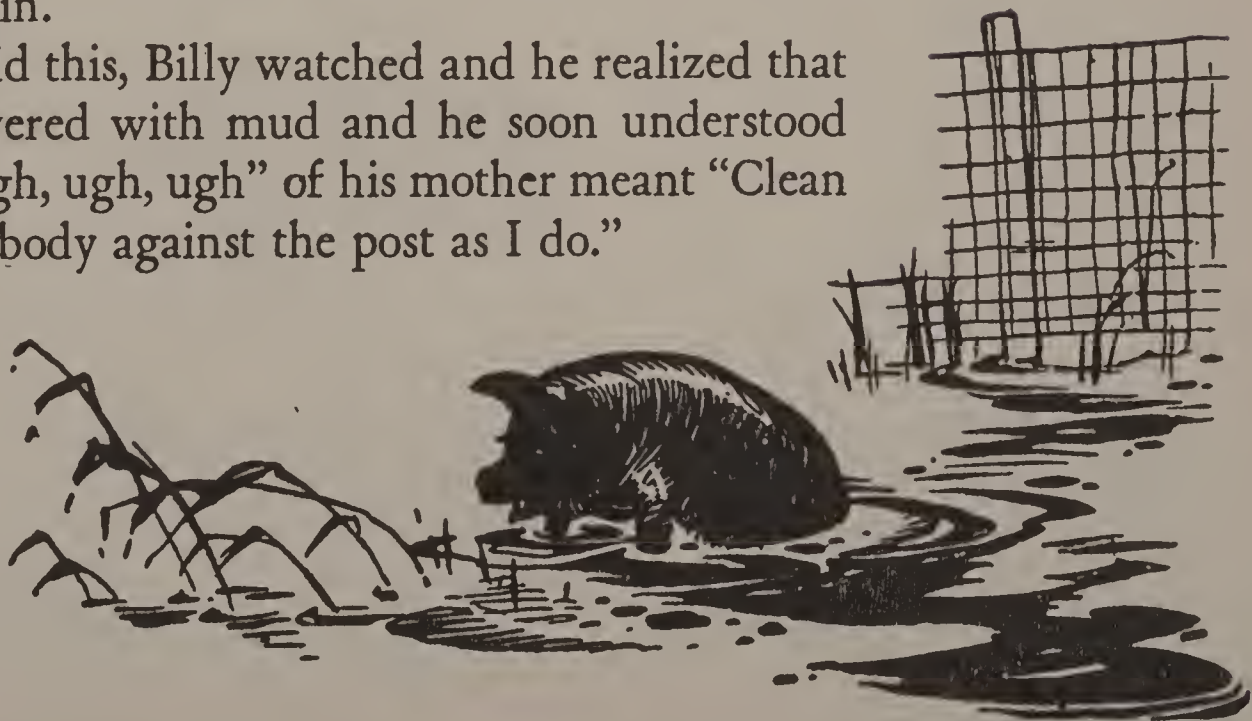
Billy's mother knew that she must teach him a lesson. So, when he paid no attention to her and started to lie down, she put her big nose under Billy's little dirty body and with a mighty push threw him against the side of the house.

Billy was almost stunned and he stood for a minute after he regained his feet trying to determine what to do.

His mother kept a watchful eye on him and when he started back to the bright straw bed again, she put her nose under him again. This time she was not quite so rough, but she pushed him away from the bed.

Billy really did not know just what his mother wanted. But very soon his mother showed him. She walked up to the side of the hog house, leaned her big black body against a post that was a part of the wall and rubbed her body up and down against this post. Then she moved ahead a step or two and rubbed again.

As she did this, Billy watched and he realized that he was covered with mud and he soon understood that the "ugh, ugh, ugh" of his mother meant "Clean your dirty body against the post as I do."



So Billy walked up to the post and rubbed his body along the edge of it. Then he turned around and rubbed his body on the other side. Each time he brushed against the post, mud fell off.

After a bit he thought perhaps he had cleaned himself sufficiently, but his mother was not satisfied and she saw to it that Billy rubbed himself until the mud was all cleaned away.

There was still mud on Billy's little white nose and Billy rubbed it under the trough in which Farmer John fed the pigs until that too was cleaned.

Then his mother allowed him to lie down in the clean, bright straw. In this way his bed was kept clean.

This is a lesson that all little pigs must learn just the same as all little boys and girls. Isn't it strange that both little pigs and little children at first dislike the responsibility of keeping themselves clean. After they have learned the lesson, they realize it is very much better to be clean than to be dirty.



CHAPTER V

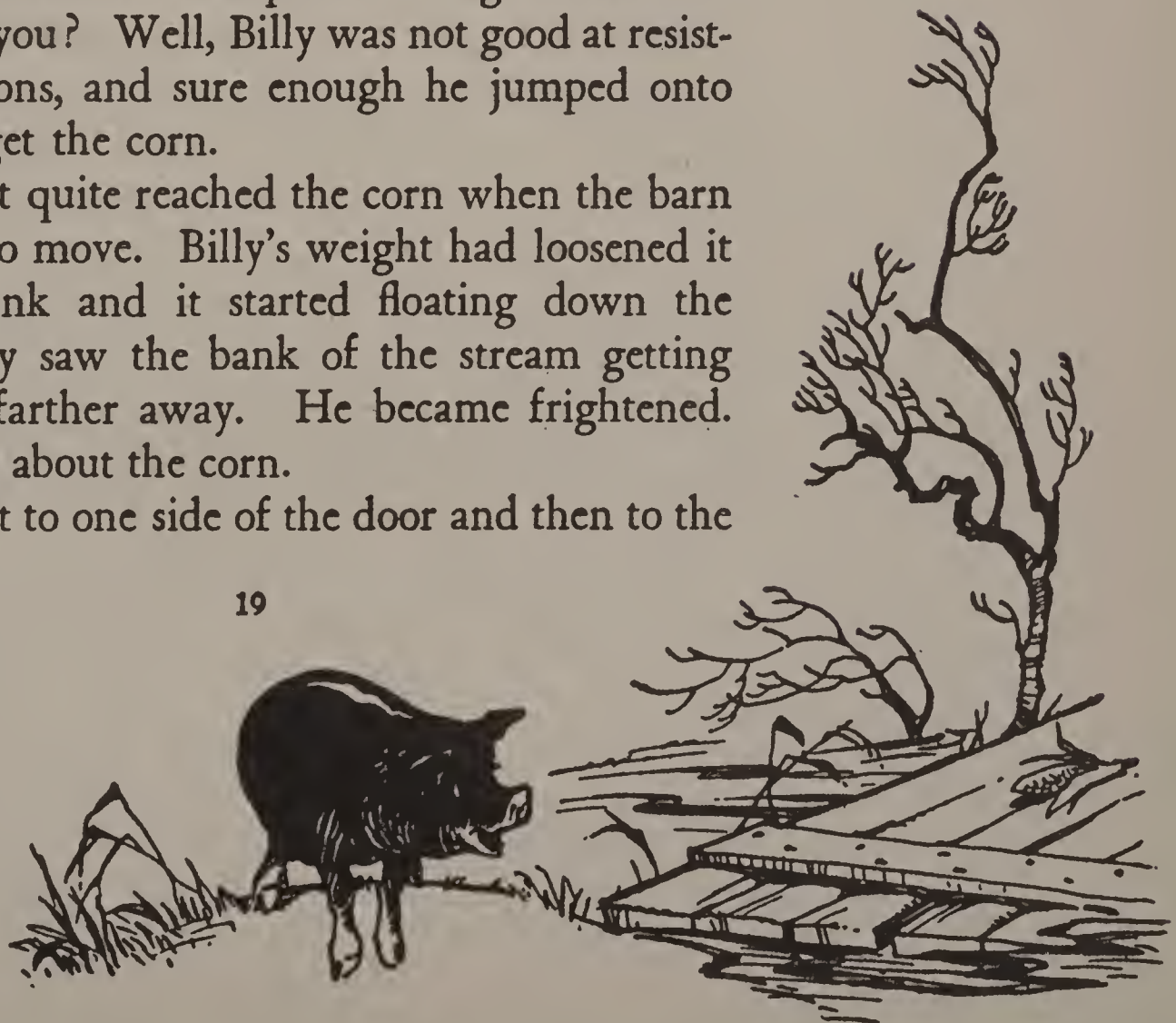
CAN A LITTLE PIG BE A SAILOR?

IT WAS in the spring of the year. It had rained almost every day for two weeks. Down back of the barn was a small stream which ordinarily was not very deep. But the rain had swollen the stream until it was a large river.

Billy was wandering around in the pasture through which the stream ran, one day, and it so happened that a big barn door had floated down the stream and was caught in some bushes at the bank. Right in the center of this barn door was part of an ear of corn. You would hardly expect that a little pig like Billy Berk could resist the temptation to go after that corn, would you? Well, Billy was not good at resisting temptations, and sure enough he jumped onto the door to get the corn.

He had not quite reached the corn when the barn door began to move. Billy's weight had loosened it from the bank and it started floating down the stream. Billy saw the bank of the stream getting farther and farther away. He became frightened. He forgot all about the corn.

He ran first to one side of the door and then to the



other. And on all sides he found nothing but water. The water was black and looked very deep and Billy did not like the idea of trying to swim. Small pigs can swim, but they do not enjoy it and it is not very often that a little pig like Billy will jump into the water if he can avoid it.

So Billy ran back and forth on his raft and squealed and grunted and grunted and squealed, but every minute he was being carried farther away from home. Billy wondered if there was anything he could do to make the barn door go to the side of the stream where he could jump off onto the dry land. But he could not think of anything. In fact, I doubt that there was anything that Billy could have done to have saved himself.

Billy floated on and passed the next farm. Then he floated under a big bridge. But the barn door stayed near the center of the stream and Billy was sailing farther and farther away from home.

Finally, the raft came to a turn in the stream and, the current being very strong, the raft was driven against the bank. Billy was ready for just such an occurrence and running rapidly to that edge of his raft that was caught in the bank, he jumped off onto land and ran as fast as he could away from the stream.

Unfortunately for Billy, he was on the wrong side of the stream. His home was on the opposite bank,



*Billy ran back and forth on his raft and squealed
and grunted and grunted and squealed.*

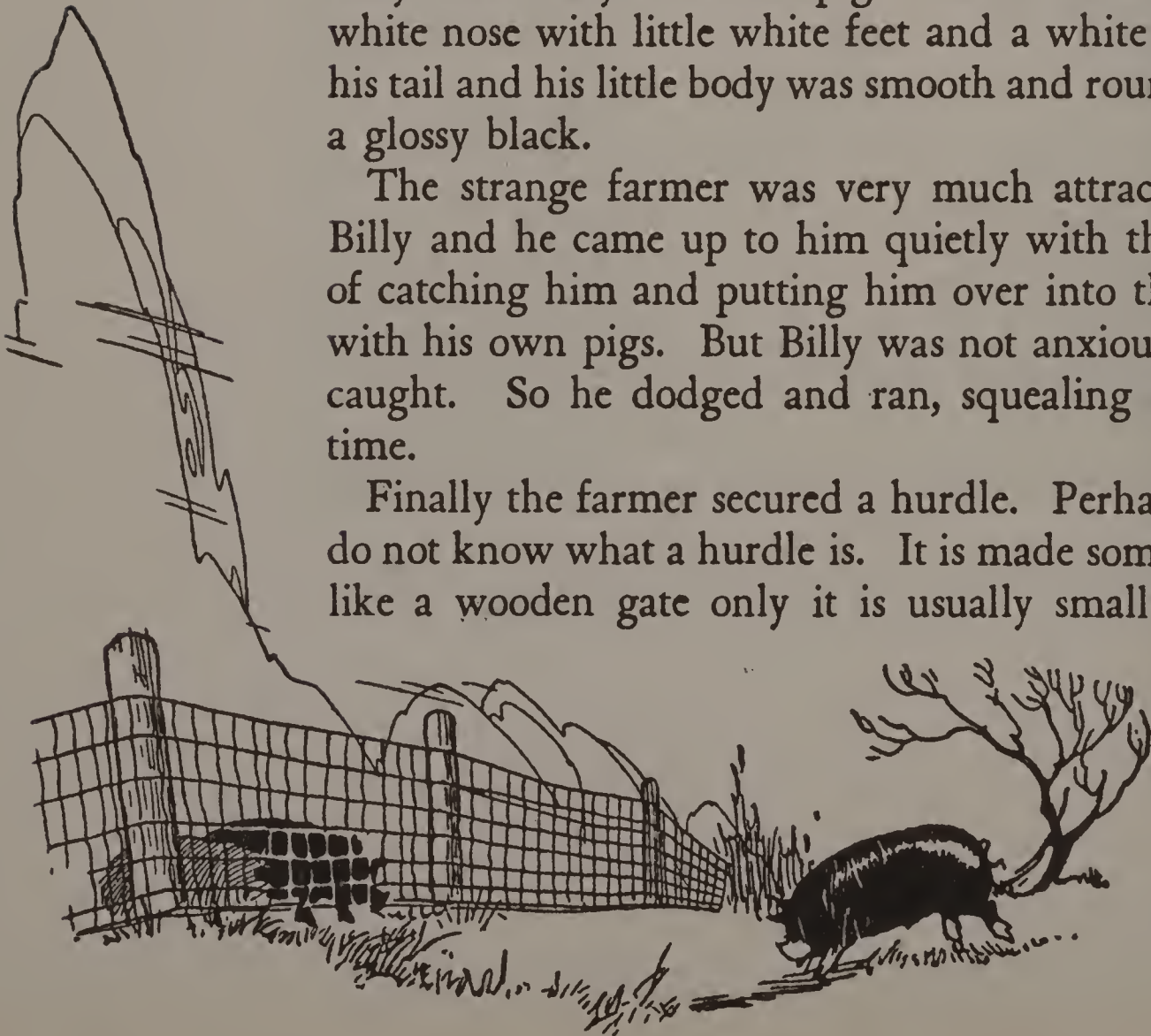
but it was a long way from where he was. As a matter of fact, Billy did not have any idea as to where his home was. He did not know which way to go and so he ran and ran without thinking at all in what direction he was running.

He finally came to a fence and ran along this until he came to a barn yard. Inside the barn yard he saw other pigs and as he squealed the other pigs answered him and came toward him. But they were on one side of the fence and Billy was on the other, so he received little comfort from them.

The noise Billy made as well as the noise made by the other pigs attracted the farmer and he came out of the house and discovered Billy running along the fence making a great commotion. As you know, Billy was a very attractive pig. He had a beautiful white nose with little white feet and a white tip on his tail and his little body was smooth and round and a glossy black.

The strange farmer was very much attracted by Billy and he came up to him quietly with the idea of catching him and putting him over into the pen with his own pigs. But Billy was not anxious to be caught. So he dodged and ran, squealing all the time.

Finally the farmer secured a hurdle. Perhaps you do not know what a hurdle is. It is made something like a wooden gate only it is usually smaller and



made of lighter lumber. It is used to place in front of a pig to drive him one way or the other. When the pig starts to come toward the farmer, the farmer sets the hurdle in front of him. That sends the pig in the other direction.

By using this hurdle, the farmer drove Billy into the barn and finally into the yard with his own pigs.

Naturally, Billy was given much attention by the other pigs. They all came around and Billy slunk into a corner, not knowing whether the strange pigs would be friendly or not. Billy was very homesick. He wanted to be back in the grassy lot on Farmer John's farm.

Finally, the farmer realized that he had seen Billy before. It was on a certain occasion when this farmer was passing Farmer John's place and Billy was in a lot next to the road. So the strange farmer went to his house and called Farmer John on the phone. He asked him if he had lost one of his pigs. Farmer John said, "Well, now, perhaps I have. I haven't missed one yet, but if it is a Berkshire it probably is mine."

The strange farmer described Billy to Farmer John and it was not long until Farmer John came with his truck and put Billy inside and took him back to his lot.

Billy's brothers and sisters were very much excited when Billy returned. He told them the story of his

trip with many grunts and squeals, and then he crawled under the straw for a long nap.

Billy was very much convinced that he could not be a successful sailor and he stayed away from the bank of the stream for a long time, because he did not want to run the risk of being carried away onto a strange farm again.



CHAPTER VI

BILLY HAS A TERRIBLE LOSS

BILLY BERK was sleeping comfortably one warm summer afternoon. He lay in his house with his nose under the straw. That is the way little pigs like to sleep. When their noses are out of sight, they think they are properly covered.

Little pigs sleep during the day as well as at night. Usually Billy Berk goes to sleep after every meal. He may sleep for half an hour, and then run back to the trough to eat more food.

Well, on this particular afternoon, his little white-tipped tail happened to be hanging through a hole in the floor of his house. Of course, Billy did not know that.

After he had snored loudly for about five minutes, he awoke with a squeal, and jumped to his feet. He blinked his eyes, shook his pretty little head, and looked around. But he saw nothing unusual, and he really didn't know what had awakened him.

So he lay down again, this time rooting his little brother over so that he might get his nose under the straw again. Strange to say, his tail again dropped through that same hole in the floor.



Billy had slept for about five minutes when he awoke once more with a start.

This time he knew what the trouble was. Something had a tight hold on his tail. Whatever it was, it had sharp teeth. Billy squealed as loudly as he could squeal. And he pulled as hard as he could pull. But those sharp teeth did not let go.

Poor Billy!

His little brothers and sisters awoke and ran around him sympathizing with their grunts. But still the sharp teeth held to Billy's tail.

His mother came and with many loud grunts, rushed about the room. But still those sharp teeth hung onto poor Billy's tail.

All this time, Billy was pulling with all his might. Finally, his mother put her big strong nose under Billy's little body and gave him a mighty push.

Billy was free. And he ran around the house as though something were chasing him.

His mother made a great commotion. And by now, all of his little brothers and sisters were squealing as loudly as their little lungs would let them squeal.

Farmer John happened to be going by and heard the noise. He went to the hog house. When he kneeled down to go inside Billy's mother would not let him in. Finally Billy, in his excitement, dashed out the door and right into Farmer John's arms.



His little heart was beating rapidly. Farmer John could feel it through his shiny black side.

Of course Farmer John did not know what had happened. So he began to examine Billy, and what do you suppose he found. Billy's tail had been bitten off! Not the whole tail, just the white tip—for, you know, a little Berkshire's tail is black to within about an inch from the end, and this part is pure white.

Poor Billy!

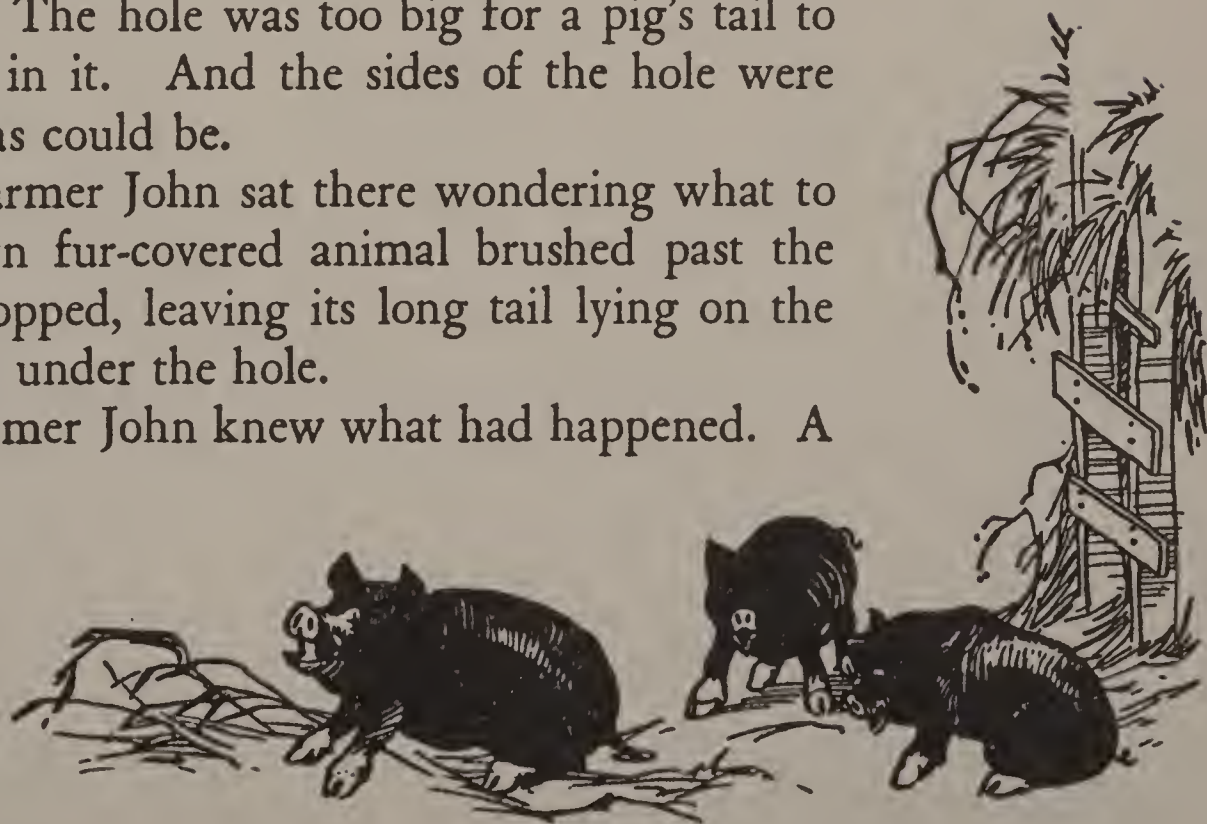
Now his tail was all black. The white tip was entirely gone.

Farmer John could not guess how this had happened. So he crawled into the house on his hands and knees and looked all around. Finally his finger slipped into the hole in the floor. He looked, and there on the sides of the hole, he saw blood, and on the ground right beneath the hole he saw some of the white hairs that had been a part of Billy's tail a few minutes before.

But still Farmer John did not know what had happened. The hole was too big for a pig's tail to get caught in it. And the sides of the hole were as smooth as could be.

While Farmer John sat there wondering what to do, a brown fur-covered animal brushed past the hole. It stopped, leaving its long tail lying on the ground just under the hole.

Then Farmer John knew what had happened. A



big rat had taken hold of Billy's tail with his sharp teeth, and when Billy's mother had rooted him, the rat had bitten off the tip.

Farmer John did not like to have Billy's appearance ruined in that way any more than Billy or his mother did. So he quickly made up his mind that he would put an end to such things.

He carefully reached through the hole in the floor, and grasped Mr. Rat's tail firmly. Then he pulled out his hand quickly and threw the rat against the side of the house as hard as he could.

And since then, no more little pigs have had their tails bitten off by this ugly rat.



CHAPTER VII

IT'S EASIER TO GET IN THAN OUT OF A HOLE

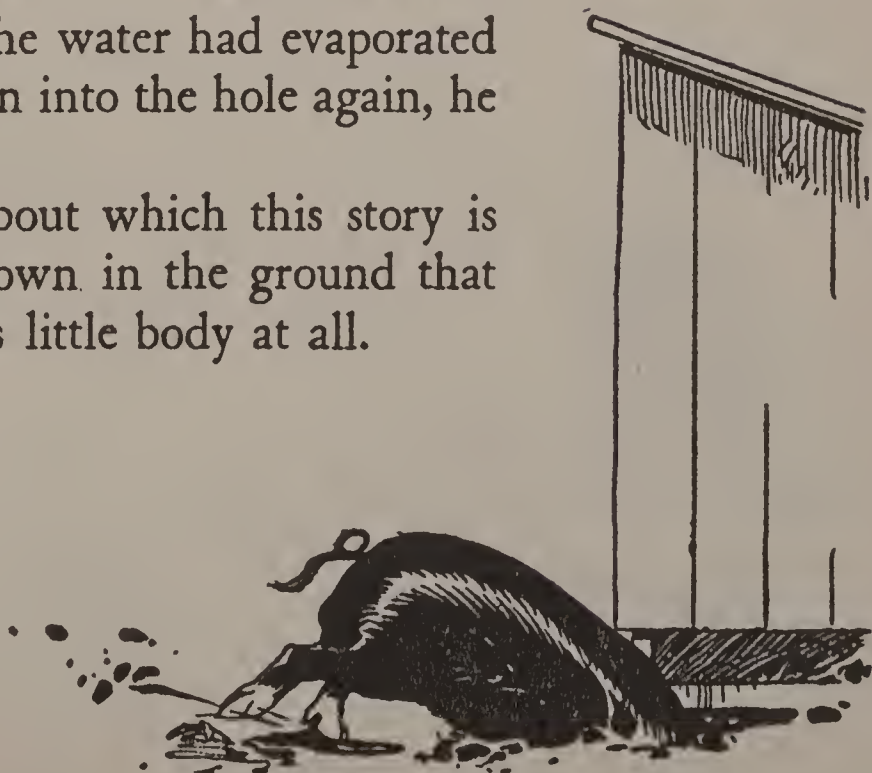
BILLY BERK was engaged in his favorite pastime. His little nose was being thrust vigorously into the soil at the corner of the pen near his home.

Billy's house was a low building with a door not much larger than the big body of Billy's mother. The floor of the hog house was raised off of the ground a little way and Billy had to jump when he entered. The door was so low that Farmer John had to get down on his knees when he wanted to enter.

Right beside the hog house was a place where the water dripped when it rained and the soil had become very soft there.

Billy had been rooting at this same spot for several days and had dug a deep hole. Every time it rained, the water would fill the hole and this made the earth soft at the bottom. After the water had evaporated enough for Billy to get down into the hole again, he had started digging.

On this particular day about which this story is written, Billy was so far down in the ground that you could not have seen his little body at all.



Suddenly, as Billy dug, he felt the earth giving more easily and finally his little head pushed into another hole. Billy had dug into the burrow of an animal that lives in the ground.

Of course Billy did not know just what this hole was, but it was an opening wide enough for his body. So with many grunts, he crawled in.

First, he poked in his nose and sniffed. Nothing unusual seemed to happen, so he put his head in a little farther and tried to see. But Billy could not see a thing.

Then he stepped in with his front feet. There was plenty of room, but there was nothing to be seen, for inside it was as black as the inside of a stove pipe.

Billy had an unusual curiosity and he could not refrain from going still farther into the hole. He stepped in with his hind feet.

The hole seemed to be going toward the surface and Billy thought to himself, "Perhaps this leads out of the pen. Perhaps I can get to the corn field and find some nice corn."

So he kept walking until finally his little tough nose was thrust against something very hard. It was a stone that blocked his path. There was a way around it, for the hole made a sharp turn and the animal that lived in the hole was able to go around the stone easily.

But Billy was not so agile. In fact, he was not



accustomed at all to crawling through holes in the ground. His first thought when his nose touched the stone was to back out of the hole again and get into his own pen.

He tried to back, but it was not so easy as he thought it would be. Billy's little feet were not accustomed to moving his body in that direction. He brushed against the side of the hole, first on one side, and then on the other. He scraped dirt into his eyes and the more he tried to go backward, the more frightened he became.

He hunched his back and twisted himself around until he filled the hole completely and was in such a position that he could hardly move. He squirmed and pushed and pulled and squealed, but he seemed to be stuck fast.

Finally, just in front of him he saw two lights. Billy was still more frightened. The lights came closer until Billy began to realize that they were the shiny eyes of the animal that lived in the hole.

Billy squealed and twisted, tugged and squirmed, but he stuck fast. Finally, the eyes came so close to Billy that Billy simply did not know what to do. The next he realized, something was scratching his face and all of a sudden something sharp had hold of his nose.

Now Billy's nose is so tough that the sharp teeth of the little animal that lived in the hole did not



bother him very much, but the sharp claws that scratched his face did bother him.

Finally, Billy, using all of his strength, pushed directly toward the animal and the animal began to make a noise, too. Between Billy's squeal and the animal's cries, there was a great commotion in the hole underneath the yard in which Billy lived.

Fortunately, as Billy fought with the badger (for that is what the animal was) he worked himself backward in the hole near to the place where he had entered. Finally, he saw the light and he scrambled as quickly as he could into the hole he had at first dug and out into the yard.

Running around in the yard squealing in his excitement, he attracted his mother and his little brothers and sisters until he had the entire family running around the yard.

This attracted Farmer John and when he came he saw the excited family and, of course, tried to find out what had caused all the commotion. He finally saw the hole in the corner of the yard and just as Farmer John looked into it, Mr. Badger was looking out.

Perhaps Farmer John will never know just exactly what happened to Billy, but he imagined that the badger had bitten him, and when he saw Billy's face with all the scratches, he realized that Billy's curiosity had gotten him into trouble again.



CHAPTER VIII

A PILE OF STRAW THAT TURNED INTO A PIG

THE most enticing pile of clean bright straw lay on the ground on the shady side of the dairy barn. It was just the kind of straw that any little boy or girl would like to play in. It was the kind of straw that Old Spotty Cow liked to eat.

Old Spotty Cow has four stomachs to fill, so she is always looking for food.

When she saw that pile of clean bright straw on the shady side of the dairy barn, she went to help herself.

My, but it was good! Old Spotty Cow munched it contentedly as she chased the flies from her white back with her long tail.

Old Spotty Cow was black and white. But most of the black spots were on her sides. Her back was almost all white. Flies do not light on black spots when there are white spots near by. That is why Old Spotty Cow kept her long tail swishing over her white back.

Old Spotty Cow didn't mind the flies so much when she could have such bright clean straw to eat. So she munched away, never dreaming of the great



surprise that was soon to startle her almost out of her senses.

She had just finished chewing a nice big mouthful of straw. She had swallowed it into her first stomach. She thrust her cold black nose deep into the pile of straw to get another mouthful.

Without any warning, the straw flew up into her eyes. She jumped back. The pile of straw began to run away. As it darted off into the barn lot, there was a startled "Oe-eeeeeeeee."

Spotty Cow threw her head into the air, lifted her tail, and stood in amazement. Never before had she seen a pile of straw suddenly come to life. Never had she heard a pile of straw make a noise like a pig. As the straw rushed across the lot in a series of short jumps, it became smaller and smaller. At each jump, some of the straw fell to the ground.

When the pile reached the water tank, it was black instead of yellow. When it reached the gate, it stopped and turned around.

What do you suppose it was? It was Billy Berk.

After eating breakfast that morning, Billy had grown tired. He looked for a place to sleep where he would not be pestered by the flies. He also wanted a place where his six little brothers and sisters would not bother him.

When one little pig lies down to sleep, all the other little pigs want to sleep on the very same spot. In



the summer, it isn't at all comfortable to have six fat little Berkshires lying on top of you.

So Billy had walked along the shady side of the dairy barn looking for a place to sleep. He had found the pile of clean bright straw and this appealed to him as just the right place for a nap.

Billy Berk put his tough little nose under the edge of the pile and lifted it into the air. As he took a step ahead, the straw came down on his back. He put his nose under the straw again and walked a little farther. Finally, he was entirely covered.

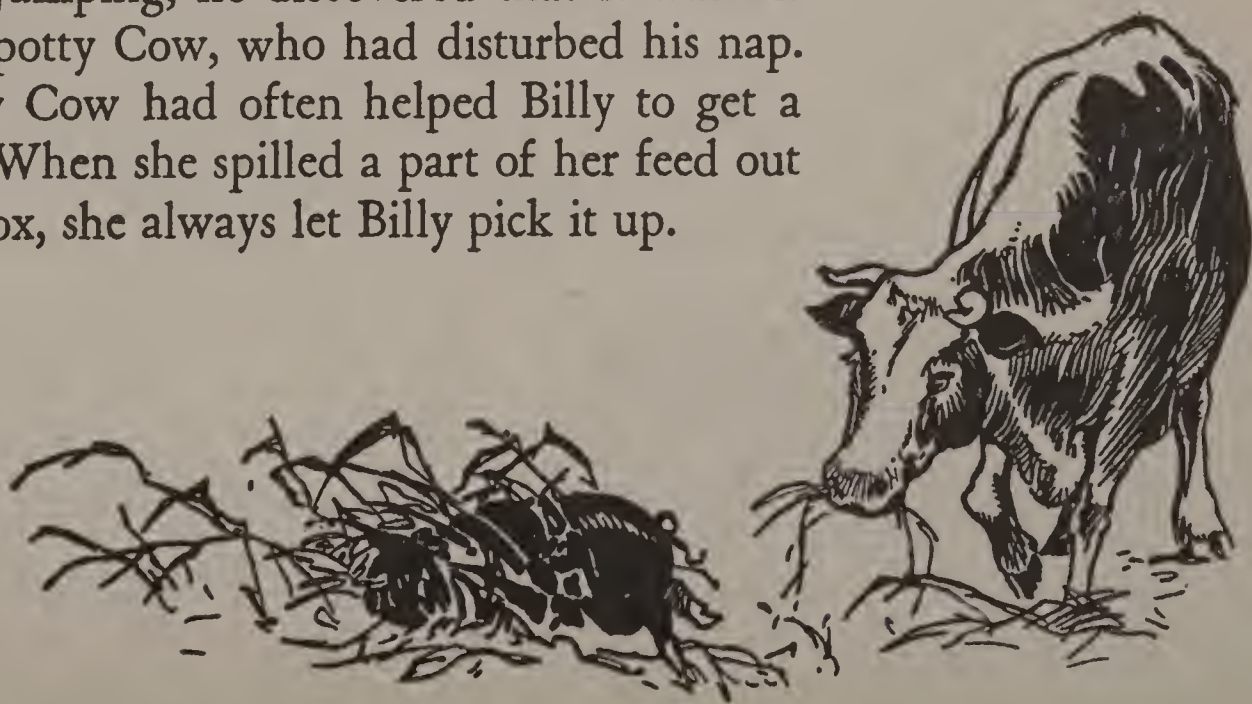
It was a wonderful place to sleep. The flies could not get under the straw, and his brothers and sisters couldn't see him.

Billy Berk slept soundly until Old Spotty Cow thrust her cold black nose right into his face.

You can imagine how startled Billy was when he was wakened suddenly. He jumped to his feet and started to run. The straw was light and stuck to his back. Some of it covered his eyes. He couldn't see where he was going, but he was so frightened that he didn't care.

When Billy had shaken all the straw from his back by his wild jumping, he discovered that it was his old friend, Spotty Cow, who had disturbed his nap.

Old Spotty Cow had often helped Billy to get a good meal. When she spilled a part of her feed out of the feed box, she always let Billy pick it up.



If some of the other pigs came to take part of it, Old Spotty Cow would put her nose under the little body and boost the pig so high that he would fall onto the other side of the manger.

When Old Spotty Cow discovered that she had disturbed the nap of her little friend, she called to him. "MOO-oo-oo."

Billy trotted back to the barn.

He knew that Old Spotty Cow wanted to do something for him. She had called him that way before.

He followed her out of the barnyard and into the long lane that led to the pasture. He followed her across the pasture to the north side.

Just beyond the north fence was a corn field. Old Spotty Cow knew that an ear of that corn would make Billy happy. But when she stretched her long neck across the fence, she found that she could not reach the corn.

She leaned against the fence and stretched her neck farther. It seemed that it really became longer. Finally she found an ear that she could just touch with her cold black nose. But she could not get hold of it with her teeth. She pushed against the fence and stretched her long neck, but the ear was too far away.

What do you think she did? She stretched out her long tongue and wound it around the ear. Then she pulled it into her mouth until she could get hold of

it with her teeth. She jerked quickly, and the ear was pulled from the stalk.

Old Spotty Cow backed away from the fence. She dropped the ear to the ground where Billy Berk could eat it. And that is the way she made amends for waking her little friend from his nap.

I don't think Billy was very sorry that he was wakened, do you?



CHAPTER IX

WHEN BILLY DISOBEYED

BILLY BERK was excited. He had made a wonderful discovery and he scampered off to his mother to tell her all about it.

He was almost out of breath when he found her back of the corn crib, picking up the few scattering kernels of corn that had fallen through the cracks.

“Mother, mother,” he shouted in pig language, “I have found a hole in the fence and I can crawl through it. It’s just big enough. It’s where you were rooting for roots yesterday.”

Old mother Berkshire refused to get excited. “You better be content with this nice grassy lot of ours and not try to crawl through any fences,” she advised.

“Something always happens to little pigs when they go outside of their own lot.”

Billy was disappointed. He had never been outside of the grassy lot and he wondered what he would see in the fields beyond.

He walked slowly back to the hole in the fence. “Ugh,” he said, “I don’t believe anything would happen if I crawled through. I could crawl back again if anything should chase me.”



Now a little pig's curiosity sometimes gets him into trouble the same as a little boy's curiosity sometimes tempts him to disobey his mother.

Billy put his front feet on the fence and lifted his head as high as he could. He looked down the lane. He could see a corn field not far away.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to go into that corn field," thought Billy. "There wouldn't be anything there to hurt me, and I could help myself to the corn."

Billy put his head through the hole.

Before he had crawled all the way through, he remembered what his mother had said.

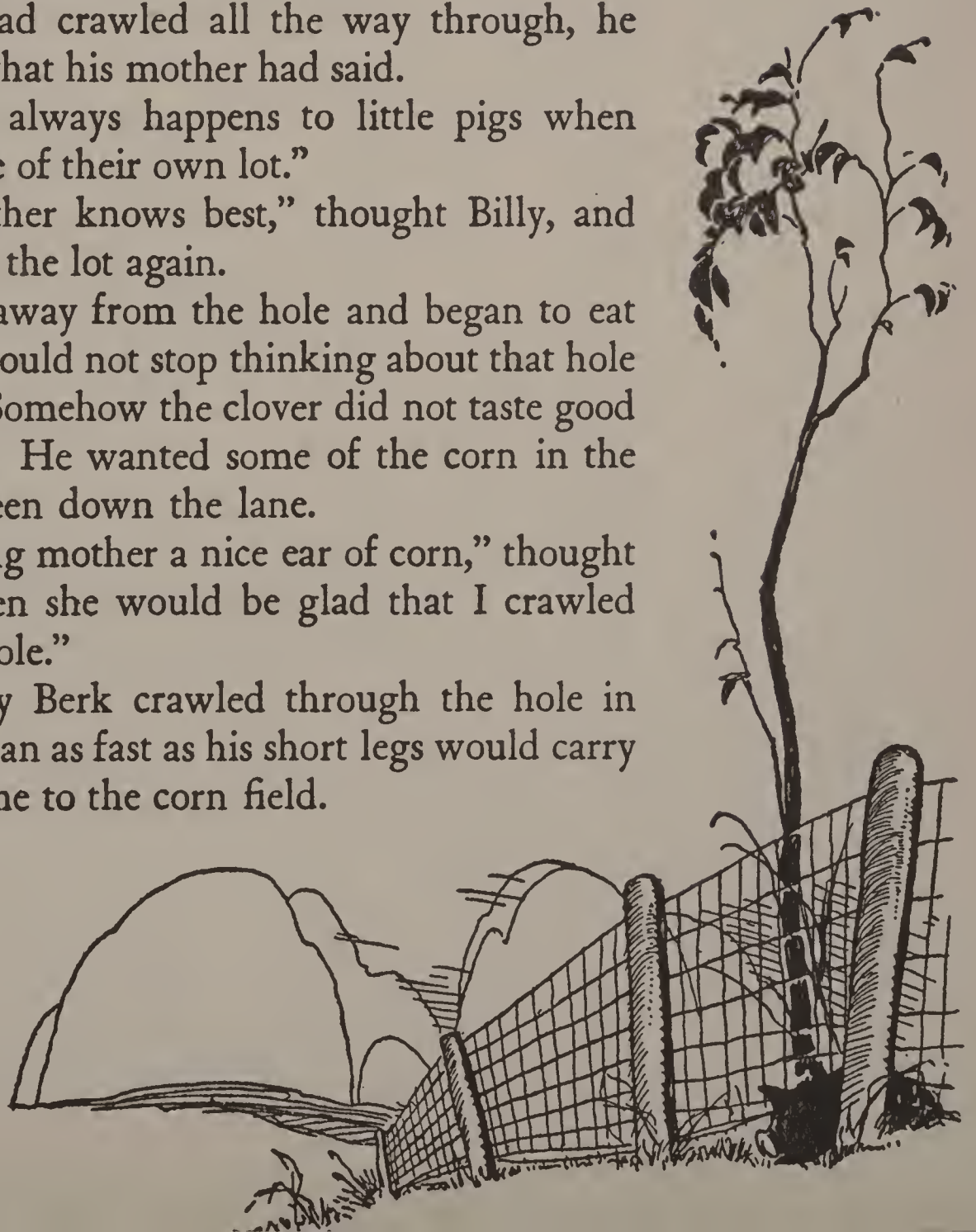
"Something always happens to little pigs when they go outside of their own lot."

"Maybe mother knows best," thought Billy, and he backed into the lot again.

He walked away from the hole and began to eat clover, but he could not stop thinking about that hole in the fence. Somehow the clover did not taste good that morning. He wanted some of the corn in the field he had seen down the lane.

"I could bring mother a nice ear of corn," thought Billy, "and then she would be glad that I crawled through the hole."

And so Billy Berk crawled through the hole in the fence and ran as fast as his short legs would carry him till he came to the corn field.



My! It was so cool in the corn field, and the ground was so soft! Billy could root to his little heart's content.

But he didn't find any corn. The ears were all so high on the stalks that he couldn't reach them no matter how hard he tried.

"Well, maybe there is an ear on the ground at the other end of the field," thought Billy. So he ran down the row until he came to the other end of the field. But he did not find any corn. It was a lot of fun, though, to be out of the grassy lot and to be free to run and root just where he pleased.

Billy wandered through the corn field for a long time. He stopped frequently to root in the nice soft earth. Finally he grew tired, and he lay down to rest. It was so warm that he fell fast asleep.

When Billy Berk awoke, it was getting dark.

Billy was frightened. He must hurry home. By now Farmer John would be feeding the family and if Billy was not there, he would not get his share. His six little brothers and sisters were so greedy that they would not leave a single drop for him.

He started to run. Finally he came to the edge of the corn field, but he could not see the lane. Instead, there was a strange barn. He had gone the wrong way.

Billy was lost.

He turned around and dashed back into the corn



*When Billy came to the edge of the cornfield he
saw a strange barn.*

field. As he ran, he cried, "Oo-ee-ee, OO-ee-ee." He thought again of what his mother had told him.

"Something always happens to little pigs when they go outside of their own lot."

"Mother was right," he thought, "and when I get back, I'll never go away again." And so he ran and cried, "Oo-ee, oo-ee, oo-ee."

Finally he came to the lane that ran along the grassy lot. He scrambled through the weeds at the edge of the corn field and ran down the lane as fast as he could. At every other step he said, "Ugh, ugh, ugh" in his high pitched voice.

Very soon he came to the end of the lane. That surprised him. He must have passed the hole where he had crawled out. He whirled around and started back along the fence looking for the hole.

"It's funny," thought Billy Berk, "where that hole is. It was so big I could see it easily from the inside of the grassy lot." And so he ran frantically back to the other end of the lane. But he could not find the hole in the fence.

Billy was worried. What would his mother say? How would he get any supper?

His cries attracted his mother and she came running to the fence.

"Ugh, ugh," said she, "You naughty pig. Didn't I tell you to stay in the grassy lot? Now see what has happened to you. If you had stayed inside as I

told you, you would have had your share of the nice fresh buttermilk Farmer John brought for our supper.”

But Billy Berk did not stop to talk. He was so eager to get in that he ran along the fence squealing at the top of his voice and looking frantically for the hole. But the hole was not to be found.

Farmer John had visited the lot that afternoon while Billy was asleep in the corn field. When Farmer John saw the hole, he drove a stake into the ground and stapled the wires to the stake so that the pigs could not crawl through.

Poor Billy! He was nearly out of breath.

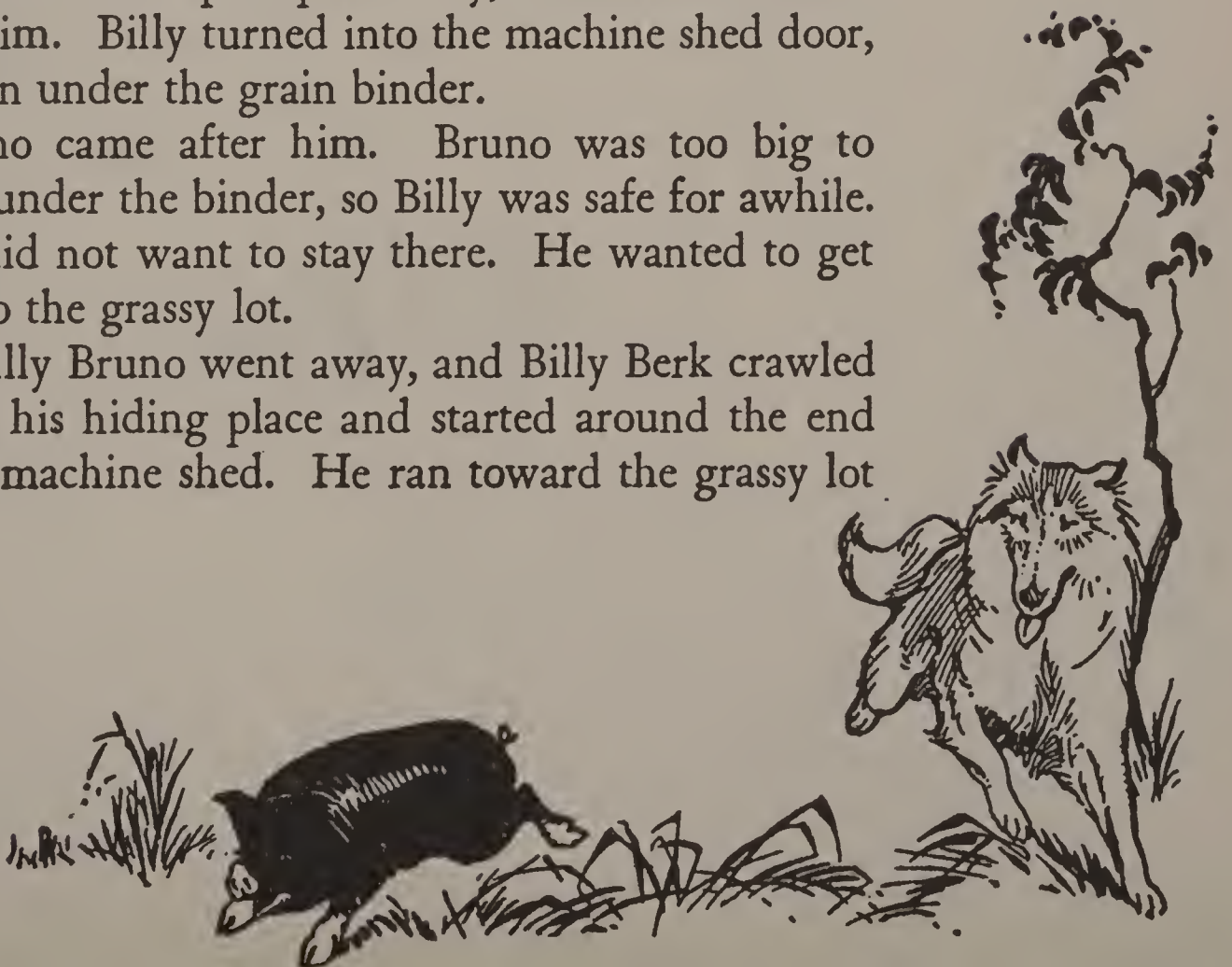
When he got to the end of the lane, he crawled under the gate into the barn yard.

He had not gone five steps when Bruno, Farmer John's big Collie dog, came running around the corner of the machine shed.

When Bruno spied poor Billy, he barked and ran after him. Billy turned into the machine shed door, and ran under the grain binder.

Bruno came after him. Bruno was too big to crawl under the binder, so Billy was safe for awhile. Billy did not want to stay there. He wanted to get back to the grassy lot.

Finally Bruno went away, and Billy Berk crawled out of his hiding place and started around the end of the machine shed. He ran toward the grassy lot



as fast as he could, but before he had passed the house, Bruno spied him again, and started after him. Billy ran at top speed, but the big dog had much longer legs, and he soon caught up to Billy.

Billy squealed as loudly as he could, but Bruno took hold of Billy's hind leg with his sharp teeth and held tight.

Farmer John heard Billy Berk squealing and came running out of the house. He saw Bruno holding Billy by his hind leg, and he ran quickly to release him.

Farmer John picked up Billy in his arms and carried him back to the grassy lot. As he dropped him inside the fence, Billy's mother came running up grunting loudly.

Billy was thoroughly ashamed of himself for disobeying, and he ran quickly to the hog house and crawled under the straw in the corner.

Billy had no supper that night and that was his punishment for disobeying his mother—a very severe punishment, don't you think, especially when there was nice fresh buttermilk for supper.



CHAPTER X

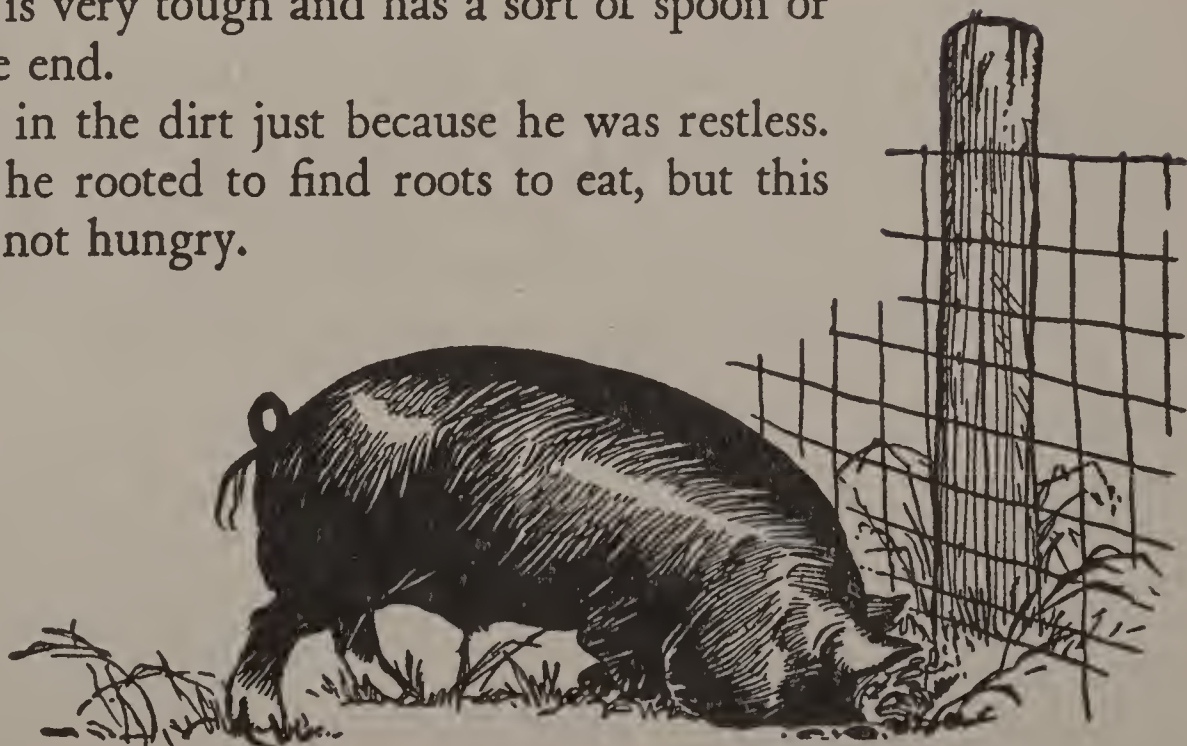
A MIRACLE SAVES BILLY'S LIFE

IT WAS a hot day and Billy was restless. His brothers and sisters were all asleep in the clean, bright straw in the hog house, and his mother was asleep in a shady spot back of the house.

Billy sniffed the air and wished that he could go some place where he had never been. He walked along the edge of the fence that bounded his grassy lot and put his nose under the barbed wire every little way to see if he could find a way to get out. Several times his nose was picked by the sharp barb on the bottom wire which Farmer John had placed there to keep Billy and other restless pigs from crawling under the fence.

Finally Billy stopped. He had found a nice, soft place in the earth and he began to root. You know, a little Berkshire pig's nose is made for digging in the soil. It is very tough and has a sort of spoon or ridge on the end.

Billy dug in the dirt just because he was restless. Ordinarily, he rooted to find roots to eat, but this day he was not hungry.



As he rooted, he realized that he was making rather a deep hole. He turned his face toward the fence and dug and dug until he had a hole half-way under the wire.

Then a bright idea came to him. If he would keep digging, he could make a hole under the fence and when it was large enough he could crawl out. And this is just exactly what he did.

When Billy was on the outside, he started up the lane away from the farm buildings. He wanted to have an adventure. Before the day was over, he had the most exciting adventure of his life.

When he reached the end of the lane, he found the way blocked with a gate. But using his tough little nose again, he finally worked his way under the gate and was off down the long pasture. At the other end of the pasture, he found a hole in the wire through which he crawled. He walked and walked until finally he reached an old house.

Many years before, some one had lived there, but it was uninhabited now. The windows were gone and the door stood open, held in place by only one rusty hinge.

Billy was enjoying himself now. He was seeing something new. He walked all around the house and finally came to a window that opened into the cellar. Billy stood on the window ledge and tried to look in. It was very dark inside. He stepped a



*He walked all around the old house and finally
came to an open window.*

little farther onto the window ledge and leaned over to try to see what was inside.

Suddenly the brick on which he was standing gave way and tumbled into the cellar and Billy tumbled in right after it.

There was a great splash, for the cellar was partly filled with water. Billy hardly realized what had happened. It all happened so suddenly. He knew that he was in a pool of water and he began to swim.

Even though he was a very small pig, he could swim. All pigs can swim, when necessary, although they do not like to do it.

Billy had to swim or sink. So he paddled his little feet as rapidly as he could until he finally touched something. It was so dark that he could not see where he was, but he worked his little feet rapidly and soon was on dry ground.

He put his little nose against the side of the cellar wall, for he was still in the cellar. It seemed to be rather soft and Billy realized that it was not brick.

Billy was so frightened that he didn't make a sound. If any one had been near, they would not have known that Billy was there. Of course, way, way off in the pasture in this old abandoned house, no one would ever think of looking for a little pig. Billy did not really know in how much danger he was, but he did know that he was where he did not want to be.



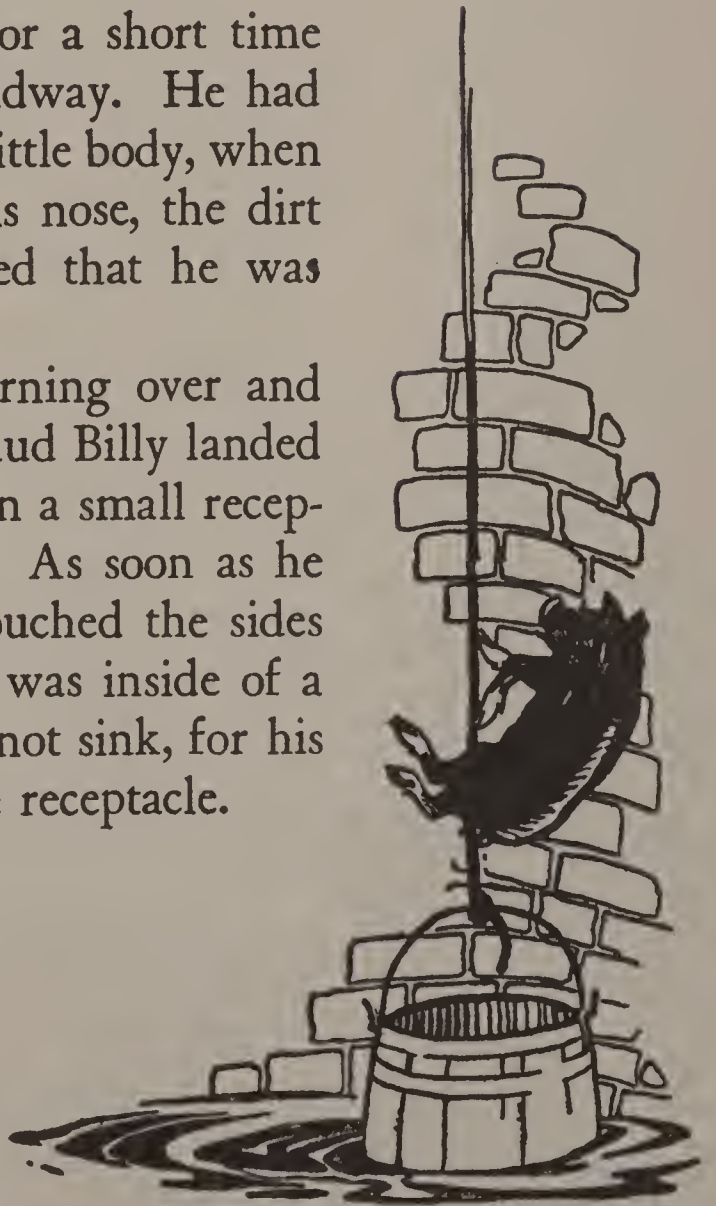
How to get out was a question he could not answer. He could see a faint light at one corner of the cellar. It was the window through which he had fallen. It was a long way from where he stood and the minute he tried to walk one way or the other, he stepped into water again.

Apparently there was a pile of dirt on which Billy was standing and it was this that saved his life for the present.

Billy's adventure was not over. He stood still for a very long time resting and trying to think what he had better do. Finally it occurred to him that he could at least root against the dirt at the side and this might lead some place.

He rooted with his tough nose for a short time and seemed to be making some headway. He had a hole dug big enough to admit his little body, when suddenly with a mighty push of his nose, the dirt gave way entirely and Billy realized that he was having another fall.

Down, down, down he went, turning over and over as he fell, until finally with a thud Billy landed in water again. This time he was in a small receptacle and it was not easy to swim. As soon as he struck out with his little feet, he touched the sides of something solid. He apparently was inside of a pail or bucket. At any rate, he did not sink, for his hind feet touched the bottom of the receptacle.



Strange as it may seem, Billy had fallen into a well. The well had been built very close to the side of the cellar and when Billy had dug the hole with his little tough nose, he had made an opening into the well, and had fallen down, down, down into the cold water.

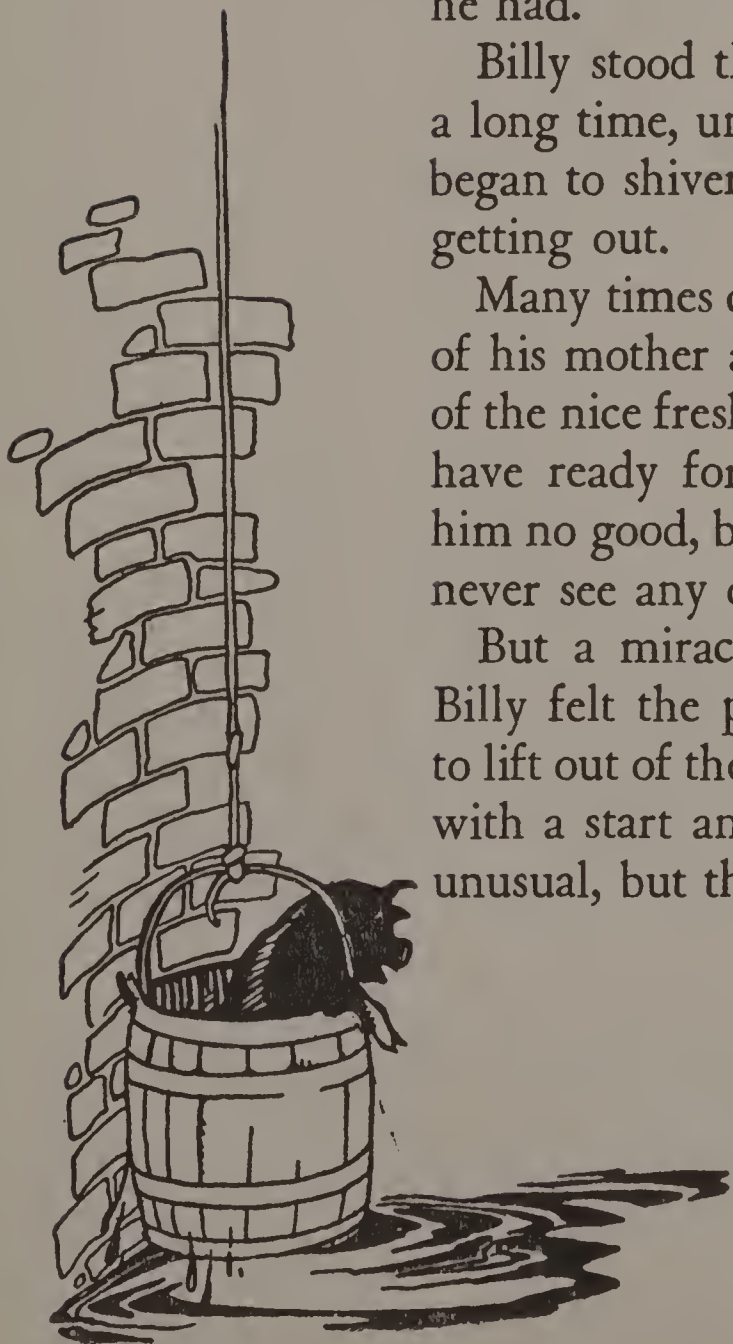
Billy was thoroughly frightened now. He could look up and see light above him, but it looked a long, long way off. He could think of no way that a little pig could go all of that distance straight up.

Billy was so frightened that he could not even think of squealing. It would have done no good if he had.

Billy stood there in the pail filled with water for a long time, until he finally became so cold that he began to shiver. He had given up all hope of ever getting out.

Many times during this experience he had thought of his mother and his little brothers and sisters and of the nice fresh buttermilk that Farmer John would have ready for their supper. These thoughts did him no good, because he realized now that he would never see any of his family again.

But a miracle was about to happen. Suddenly Billy felt the pail in which he was standing begin to lift out of the water. He aroused from his thoughts with a start and looked up. He could see nothing unusual, but the pail kept lifting.



Finally, it left the water entirely and went slowly higher and higher, proceeding toward the light above.

Billy's heart began to beat rapidly and he again began to have hope. Something was lifting him out of the well. Finally, he got so close to the top that he could see that someone was standing there turning the handle that lifted the bucket out of the well.

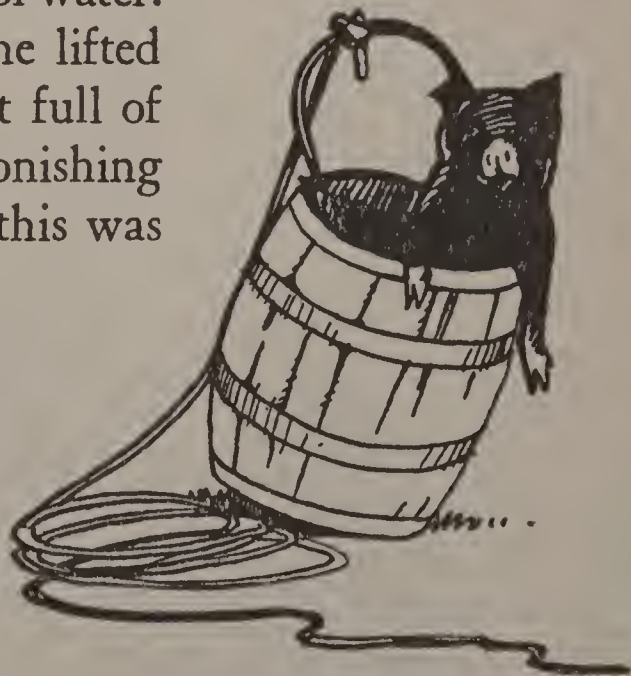
It was Farmer John. What a strange thing that Farmer John should be there and should have turned the handle that lifted the old bucket out of the well.

But this was not more strange than that Farmer John should find in this bucket one of his favorite Berkshire pigs, Billy Berk.

Now, I must explain to you that the reason Farmer John happened to be there was that he had gone into the pasture to look for one of his cows that had not come up to the barn with the rest of the herd.

When he passed the old house, he was very warm and when he thought of the old well that was there, he decided he would have a drink of nice, cool water.

But can you imagine his surprise when he lifted the bucket of water to the top, and found it full of Billy Berk? A bucket full of pig is an astonishing thing to draw out of a well. At any rate, this was the miracle that saved Billy's life.



CHAPTER XI

A LITTLE PIG LOST IN THE WOODS

ONE day in the fall, Billy, together with his six brothers and sisters was turned into the big woods pasture. The pigs had never been in this pasture before and they ran here and there finding new food and seeing new interesting places.

When they reached the timber part of the pasture, they were all delighted, for under the very first tree they found acorns.

Acorns are like candy to little pigs. They have a most delightful taste. So naturally, they were all very greedy and ate as many acorns as they could hold.

Fortunately, there were plenty on the ground and no pig needed to fight for his share.

Billy Berk ate so many that he became extremely tired. He lay down in the shade of one of the trees to sleep. He slept very soundly for a long time.

When he awakened, he jumped up with a start. None of his brothers and sisters were in sight. He did not realize where he was. He had slept so soundly and his stomach was so filled with acorns that his memory had almost entirely left him.



He started to run and, of course, he ran in the wrong direction. The farther he ran, the thicker the trees seemed to be. Brush and tall weeds were getting thicker and thicker and Billie could not see at all where he was going.

As he ran, he saw many attractive things. He passed an old rotten log that offered the most enticing entertainment. How he would have liked to stop and root in this log and how many fine things he would have found to eat.

But Billy was frightened. He could not hear a sound that was familiar to him. His little brothers and sisters were not in sight. He saw no pig whatever.

Billy was lost. He began to squeal. "Oo-ee-eee" and of course you know that meant, "Somebody come and find me." But no one came and the farther Billy ran, the more excited did he become.

Finally, he dropped to the ground in exhaustion. He was too tired to go any farther. He lay there, his little heart beating rapidly and his little mouth wide open.

If you can imagine how you would feel if you were lost in a big woods, you will know just exactly how Billy felt, for he was just as frightened as you would be.

He lay on the ground until he regained his breath sufficiently to go farther. But the farther he went,

the more severe was his predicament, because he was going in the wrong direction. He was going farther away from home.

All this time it was growing darker and darker, for it was at the close of the day. Finally it became so dark that Billy could not see more than a foot ahead.

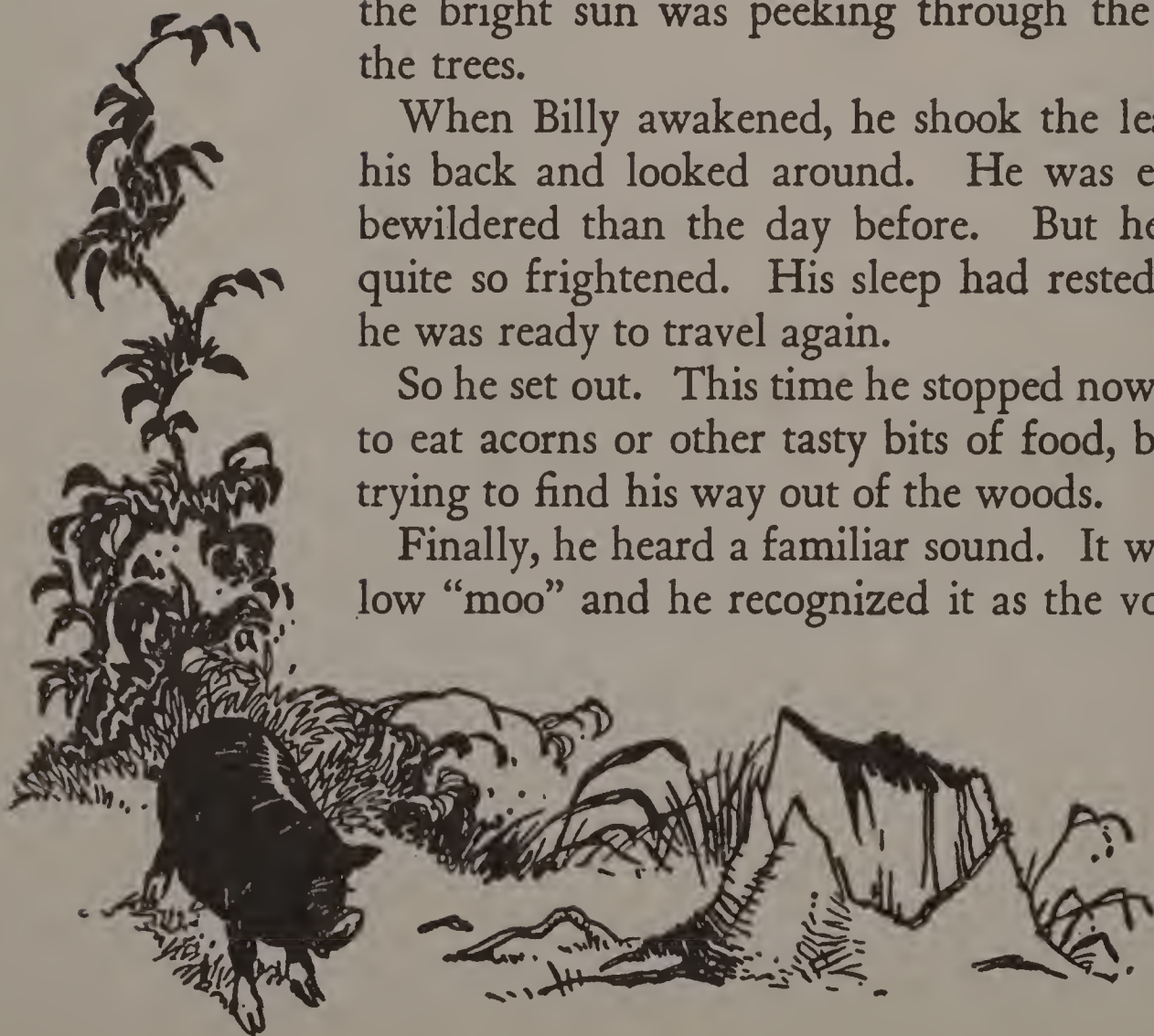
He came to a clump of bushes and underneath these bushes found rather a thick pile of dry leaves. This he thought would serve the purpose of a bed for the night. So, putting his little nose underneath, he crawled under the leaves until he was entirely covered.

He lay there for a long time without sleeping, wondering just what would happen to him. But finally he went to sleep and did not awaken until the bright sun was peeking through the leaves of the trees.

When Billy awakened, he shook the leaves from his back and looked around. He was even more bewildered than the day before. But he was not quite so frightened. His sleep had rested him and he was ready to travel again.

So he set out. This time he stopped now and then to eat acorns or other tasty bits of food, but always trying to find his way out of the woods.

Finally, he heard a familiar sound. It was a long, low "moo" and he recognized it as the voice of his



friend Spotty Cow. Billy started to squeal as loudly as he could squeal and ran in the direction of the familiar sound.

Old Spotty Cow heard Billy's call and she answered him and started toward him. When Billy finally saw her, he fell to the ground and lay there panting in his excitement. Old Spotty Cow licked him with her big, coarse tongue, and this soon revived him. Finally, he was ready to travel and Old Spotty Cow who was very familiar with the woods, led the way back to Billy's home.

While Billy appreciated the help Old Spotty Cow had given him, he was so delighted at being home again that he dashed off into the house as soon as he saw it and left Old Spotty Cow standing near the fence.

Billy crawled under the nice white straw of his own bed and told himself that he would never go far away from home again.



CHAPTER XII

A QUEER TRAP EXCITES THE BARNYARD

I VERY much doubt that any boy or girl who has never lived on a farm where pigs are raised would ever guess what this queer trap was. In fact, I don't believe you will be able to guess what it was even after the story is explained to you, until you finally read the description of the trap.

This exciting occurrence happened after Billy had grown to be a fairly large pig. He weighed 150 pounds. Billy was in the grassy lot and had satisfied himself with the food Farmer John had brought. But he was wishing that he could be on the other side of the fence. Isn't it strange that little pigs and little boys and girls always wish that they were somewhere else?

Billy saw an attractive clover patch just through the fence and he opened his mouth and reached through the wire intending to bite off the clover. But when he tried to pull his nose back through the wire, he found that he was caught in a trap.

Oh, what a terrible experience it was! He was fast. He could not get loose. He pulled and pulled and then he began to squeal.

He squealed as loudly as he could. In fact, it was the loudest squeal that Farmer John had ever heard Billy make.

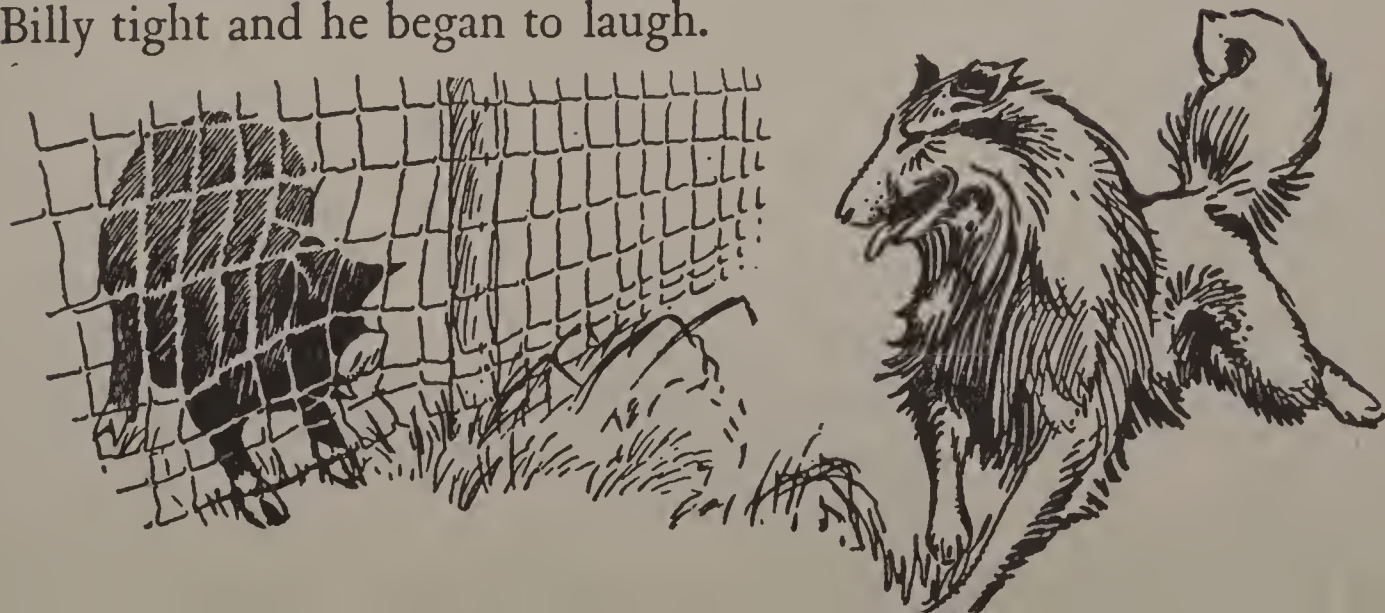
Billy's brothers and sisters and his mother were the first to hear him. His mother now was living in another lot nearby, for Billy and his brothers and sisters were kept in a lot by themselves. They were big enough to look out for themselves.

I doubt if his mother could have helped him much if she had been in the grassy lot. But she too began to squeal and grunt very loudly. In fact, all of the pigs that were close enough to see that Billy was caught in this terrible trap began to squeal.

Such excitement! Old Spotty Cow on the other side of the fence saw that Billy was in trouble and began to moo. Farmer John's dog, aroused by the noise, ran down the lane and when he got to where Billy was, he began to bark viciously.

The dog was on one side of the fence. Billy was on the other and the more the dog barked, the more Billy squealed. And the more he squealed, the harder he pulled. And the harder he pulled, the tighter he was held by this terrible trap.

Finally, Farmer John, hearing all the commotion, came to the fence. He saw at once what had happened. He saw the terrible trap that was holding Billy tight and he began to laugh.



Now wasn't that a queer thing for Farmer John to do when he saw his favorite pig caught in a trap? But when I explain to you what the trap was, perhaps you will laugh, too.

Little pigs have some long teeth on the bottom jaw. When Billy had reached through the fence to bite the clover, he had taken one of the wires of the fence into his mouth. And when he had tried to pull his nose back through the fence, the long teeth on his bottom jaw caught in one of the wires of the fence.

As soon as Billy began to pull, the wire tightened and held him fast. As long as Billy pulled backward, the fence (which is all there was to the trap) held him tight.

That is why Farmer John laughed. If Billy had only known enough to step forward and drop his lower jaw, he would not have been fast at all.

So Farmer John climbed over to Billy and getting behind him, pushed with all his might. Billy resisted, because he did not know what Farmer John was trying to do. Finally, however, Farmer John pushed him far enough forward so that the wire was released.

Do you wonder that Billy felt rather ashamed of himself for getting caught in such a simple trap as a wire fence?



CHAPTER XIII

BILLY MAKES A RAILROAD TRIP

BILLY had grown to be quite a large pig. He weighed nearly 300 pounds. Still he was not quite a year old. Pigs, you see, reach their full weight in much less time than people do. Billy had grown larger than any of his brothers or sisters.

One morning, Farmer John closed the door to Billy's house, leaving Billy inside. Billy did not like the idea very well, for he did not know just what was going to happen.

After a time, Farmer John opened the door again and Billy walked to the opening to look out. What do you suppose he saw? There in front of the door was a crate so arranged that when Billy stepped out of the door, he stepped right into the crate.

The crate was just about big enough to hold a pig like Billy and after he once got in, there was no way of getting out. Billy did not go in. He turned around and walked back to the other side of his pen. Farmer John then threw an ear of corn into the crate and called to Billy. But Billy was suspicious. He stayed in the far corner of his pen.

Finally, Farmer John had one of his men get into

the pen with Billy and Billy was driven out of the door into the crate. Then Farmer John quickly dropped a door that fitted into the back of the crate and Billy was ready for a long trip on the train.

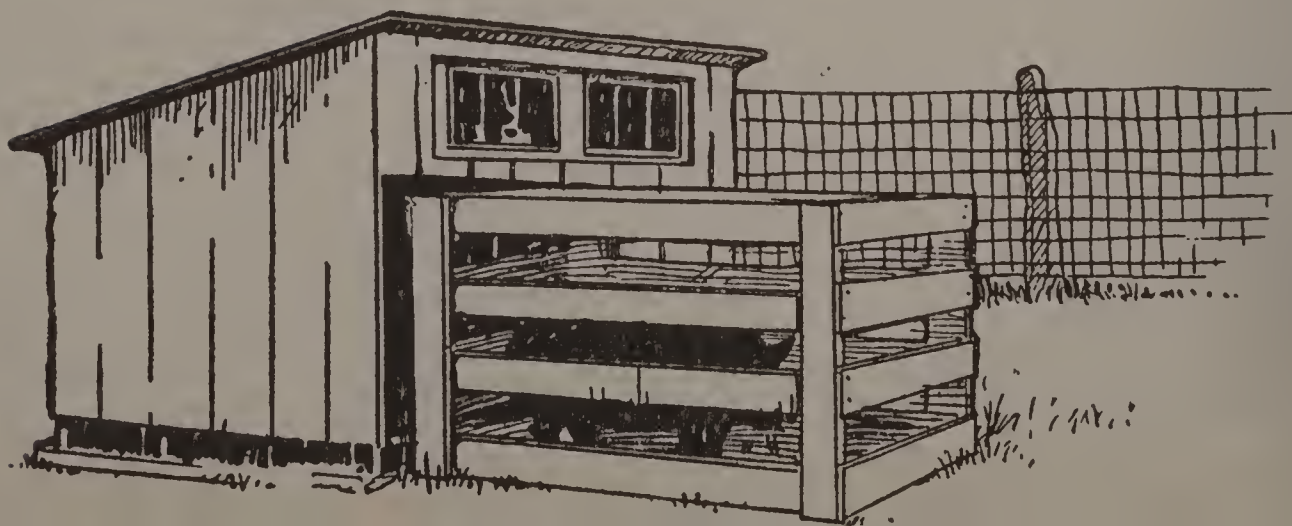
It was very close quarters. Billy could not turn around. The only thing he could do was lie down. He could not walk forward; he could not back up.

He was in the crate for only a short time when Farmer John came with the automobile truck and, with the aid of three other men Billy was lifted into the truck. He could not see just where he was going, because the sides of the truck hid everything.

Finally, the truck stopped and Billy was unloaded at the railroad station. In a little while, the train came along. The big, black puffing engine frightened Billy very much. He had never seen such a terrible thing before.

The trainmen lifted Billy into the express car and the train started. It was a long ride, but finally the train reached its destination. Billy was unloaded from the car onto a truck on the railroad platform. Another automobile truck then took him to the Union Stockyards in Chicago, for Chicago was the destination of the train on which Billy had his first railroad ride.

Billy could see through the sides of his crate and he saw many other pigs in large pens. There were



red pigs and white pigs, and black pigs and pigs with big white bands just back of their shoulders.

Billy's crate was taken out of the automobile truck and the gate at the back of the crate was opened and a man with a stick poked Billy on the nose. When Billy backed up to get away from the stick, he found that the gate was removed and he backed out. Three men with hurdles were close by and they directed Billy's route until he finally found himself going up a long incline and into a pen on the second floor of a big building.

Perhaps you know that the stockyards receive thousands and thousands of pigs each year. There the pigs are butchered and the meat we eat is cured and shipped to us wherever we may live. But this was not to be Billy's fate.

He was such a high-class pig that Farmer John had shipped him to the International Livestock Exposition. This is a show held at the Union Stockyards every year where prizes are offered for the best pigs, the best cows, the best sheep, and the best horses. Billy was to be judged along with other pigs to determine which one was the best and a valuable prize was offered for the champion.

As Billy lay in his pen, many people passed. In other pens near to him were other pigs. On one side were Berkshires; just opposite across a narrow aisle were white pigs. These are Chester Whites. In a

pen not far away were some black pigs with white bands around their bodies just back of their front legs. These are called Hampshires.

A little farther away was a pen containing a very large red hog with a very long nose. Billy's nose, you know is short. In fact, a little Berkshire's head very much resembles the head of a Boston bulldog with short upturned nose and erect ears. The red pig with the long nose is called Tamworth.

All of these pigs were to be judged and finally Billy was taken out of his pen and driven into what is called the judging ring. There, several men looked over all of the pigs to select the ones that were to be given the prizes.

Billy did not relish the idea very much. The prize did not interest him. As a matter of fact, he did not know that prizes were to be offered.

The first time he was in the judging ring he was in company with other Berkshire pigs and when he left the ring, Farmer John had a big blue ribbon in his hand. Billy had been awarded first prize in his class. That is, he was judged to be the best pig under one year old of all the Berkshire pigs of that age in the show.

The next day Billy was brought back to the ring again. This time he was in company with other Berkshire pigs, but they were all larger than he. They were pigs of different classes that had won first



prize and the prize they were being judged for this time was the championship of all Berkshires.

Billy's smooth, round body, his fine bone and his soft skin, together with other characteristics, again won him the prize. This time Farmer John walked out of the ring with a big purple ribbon in his hand. A purple ribbon represents the championship prize.

Of course, Farmer John received some prize money in addition to the ribbon. The ribbon was simply the indication of the prizes won.

The next day Billy was taken into the judging ring for the third time. This time he was in company with pigs of all other breeds. He was the only Berkshire. The judges looked over the lot to find out which was the best male hog in the entire show.

There was the big red long-nosed Tamworth. There was another red pig, too. The name of his breed is Duroc Jersey. Then there was a black pig with ears that lopped down over his eyes. The name of his breed is Poland China. There was a Hampshire with a white band around his body; a Chester White; and a very long white pig with a long nose. The name of his breed is Yorkshire.

The judges all seemed very pleased with Billy's appearance. They looked him over carefully on all sides and then looked at the other pigs. They always came back to Billy and finally it was decided by all three of the judges that Billy was to receive the



grand champion prize. Billy was the best hog of any breed in the show.

Farmer John again received a big purple ribbon and a larger money prize. Billy was put back into his pen to be admired by all of the people who passed. Hanging over the pen on a board, Farmer John had arranged the three ribbons Billy had won: the blue ribbon for first prize, and the two purple ribbons for championship and grand championship prizes.

What more could a pig want than to win all of these prizes in this, the largest of all the livestock shows?

In spite of all this winning, however, Billy felt no different. In fact, he would have preferred to have stayed at home and he wished even at the time he was being judged to be the best hog in the show that he was back in the grassy lot.



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